IT IS LATER THAN RADIO THINKS . . By Harriet Van Horne

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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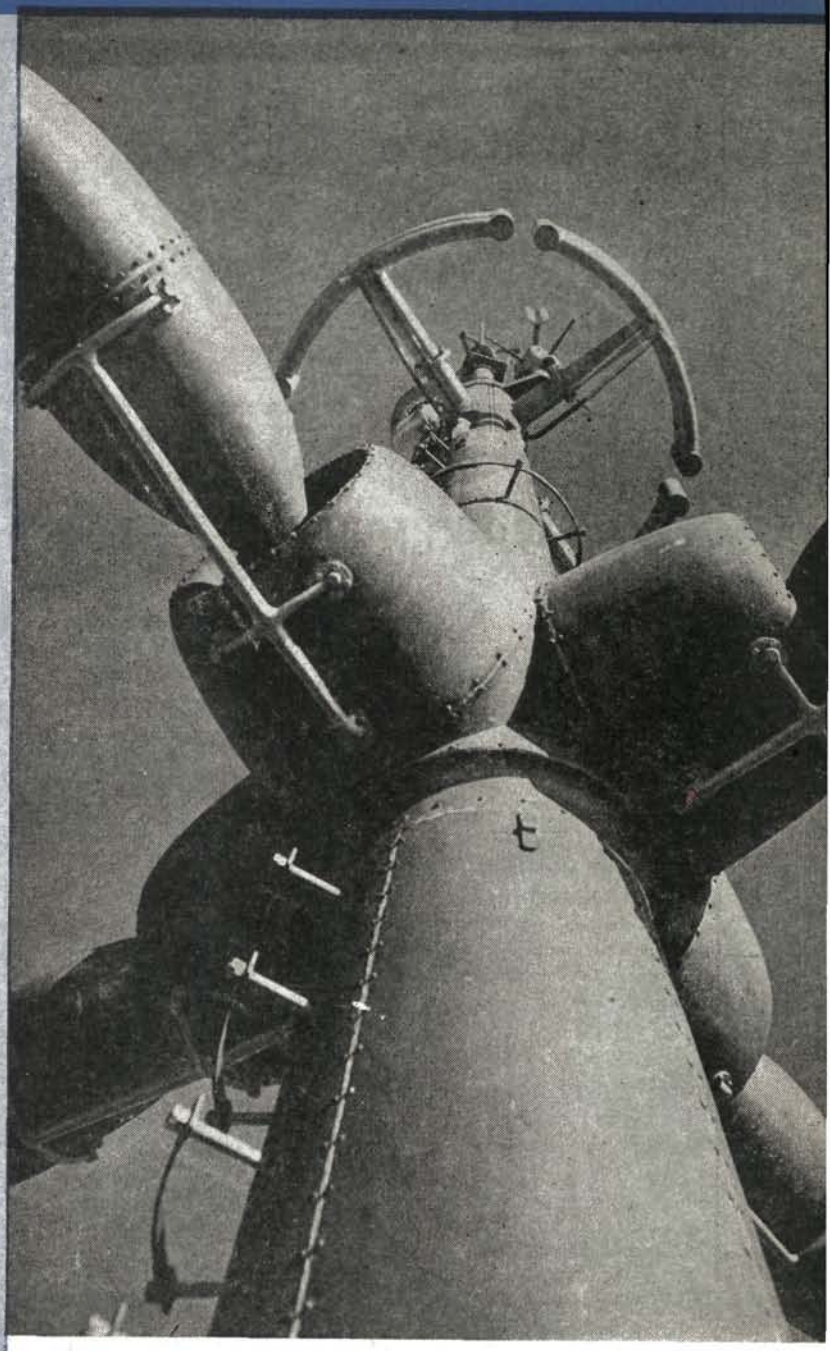

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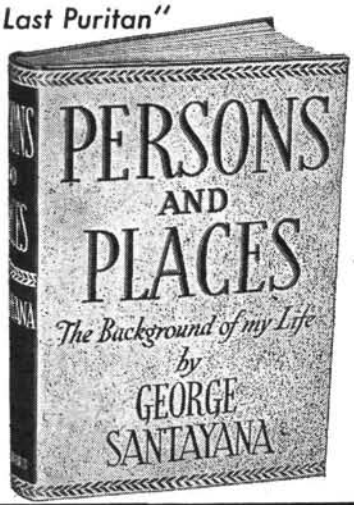

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Features

PAGE

THE PREOCCUPATION WITH "FACE"
By A. G. Keller.... 4

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE AN AUTHOR
By Osbert Sitwell.... 6

IT IS LATER THAN RADIO THINKS
By Harriet Van Horne....26

Reviews

PART OF A LIFE TIME
By Lee Simonson
Reviewed by Margaret Webster.... 9

PACIFIC PARTNER
By George H. Johnston
Reviewed by Captain C. Brooks Peters, USMC....10

RUSSIAN CAVALCADE: A MILITARY RECORD
By Albert Parry
THE GROWTH OF THE RED ARMY
By D. Fedotoff White
Reviewed by Brigadier General Donald Armstrong....11

FISH AND TIN FISH
By Philip Wylie
Reviewed by Phil Stong....12

BEHIND THE LINES IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY
By Charles W. Ramsdell
THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERACY
By Bell Irving Wiley
Reviewed by Philip Van Doren Stern....13

WEST TO THE SETTING SUN
By Harvey Chalmers 2nd
Reviewed by Stanley Vestal....13

MY LOVE MUST WAIT
By Ernestine Hill
Reviewed by C. Hartley Grattan....20

MAHOGANY
By Alfredo Segre
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman....22

WITH A DUTCH ACCENT
By David Cornel De Jong
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell....24

LOOK AWAY, LOOK AWAY
By Leslie Turner White
Reviewed by Philip Van Doren Stern....25

INDIA AGAINST THE STORM
By Post Wheeler
Reviewed by Mark Gayn....31

SHARK'S FINS AND MILLET
By Ilona Ralf Sues
Reviewed by Emily Hahn....32

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD
By Boris Skomorovski and E. G. Morris
Reviewed by Max Werner....33

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q.... 8
EDITORIAL....14
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....15
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf....18
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 35....31
THE CRIMINAL RECORD....35
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét....36
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 517....39
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB....39

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The Preoccupation with "Face"

Vanity as One of the Strongest Timbers of the Social Structure

A. G. KELLER

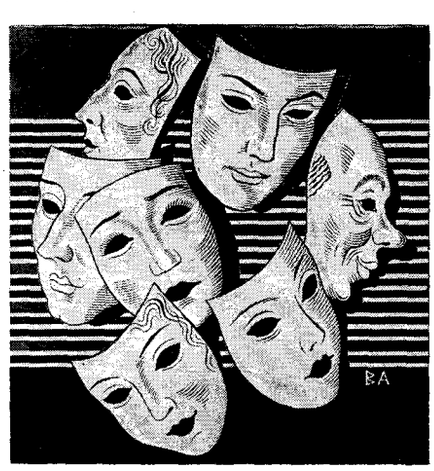
WE often hear that the Japanese cannot withdraw from China without losing face; that some general has committed suicide because he had lost face; that in the case of a people who boast, as do the Japanese, of an unbroken history of victories and of invulnerability to invasion, any setback involves a loss of face which must promptly be regained, lest there result a national dejection and weakening of morale. We are advised that, since morale, according to Napoleon, is to any other military asset as three is to one, any injury we can inflict upon face, either by arms or by propaganda, is bound to be highly effective.

At first sight, and despite our own expression, "out of countenance," this idea of "face" strikes us as a kind of Oriental curiosity, alien to our conceptions. We fail to understand how suicide can save face, though our own hunger strike, with its threat of suicide, bears a family resemblance to the Orientalism. An American Indian would have no trouble in understanding "face," for it corresponds to his own ideas about his "medicine," or mystery—his little personality-bag of fetishes—without which he is a nobody, so that if he loses it he must promptly kill some worthy enemy and appropriate his medicine.

"Face" means personality, honor, self-respect, prestige—in a word, superiority. It is saved, when lost or threatened, by some kind of demonstration of superiority or by dodging or explaining away any imputation of inferiority. Loss of face means injured vanity; the saving of it is its defense or restoration. Psychologists have invented an esoteric terminology for these plain names of well-known things. All peoples have exhibited resentment of injuries to vanity and have striven to "get even." Children pick up the habit long before they are at all aware of what they are doing. Vanity is ingrained in us all. Only because it is unfamiliar as a term and associated with alien practices, is Oriental "face" not immediately recognizable as a mere variety of a common species.

Vanity has been cited as the main factor productive of "face." It is, of course, not a sole cause. Multiple causation is characteristic within the social range. There is a very practical aspect of face: its connection with livelihood. Along with a man's face goes his job; if he loses either one, he is more than likely to lose the other. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has gone on record with the charge that much of her nation's inefficiency and corruption is due to preoccupation with face; for it breeds in the official a resentment of criticism and correction and, in the subordinate, a reluctance either to criticize or to question. Each is hanging grimly onto his job. It seems, to judge by evidence offered by Sven Hedin, that the Generalissimo is himself a striking exception to the general rule. It would be difficult to disentangle the prideful and the practical strands from the bundle of factors productive of sensitiveness to loss of prestige. It is unnecessary for present purposes to do so, for we are following one major strand, not all of them, though in complete awareness of their multiplicity.

That we are as keen on face-saving as anybody else, though we may not call it that, is revealed above all, perhaps, in our reluctance to admit ignorance. In our very language are many evasions or euphemisms for the blunt phrase: "I do not know." That they are embedded in speech, so as to be employed without awareness, simply confirms their deep-seatedness. They go back far toward the beginnings of things. There has been no call until relatively recently for a term to denote a person who, in the absence of evidence, admits his ignorance: the "agnostic"; whereas the know-it-alls have been prevalent since at least the time of Job: "No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."



Job's "no doubt" furnishes a take-off, though it is a case of sarcasm where he states the opposite of what he believes to be the case. Both he and his interlocutors, unless they are impenetrably dense, know exactly what he means. But when we use that phrase, or "doubtless," do we mean what we say? Not at all. We mean we are doubtful. We do not use "doubtless" when we are sure. We do not say: "Doubtless it is raining," or "No doubt diamonds are hard," but reserve the word for some such dubious pronouncement as: "No doubt Lincoln would have approved the Wagner Act." Blood-brethren of these tags are: "self-evidently," "obviously," "it stands to reason"—one and all equivocal substitutes for verified certainty. Every time that an intellectually cautious batter sees one of these tortuous wind-ups down in the box, he watches the corners of the plate, with the shrewd suspicion that the pitcher is about to put something over on him. To drop the figurative, he senses a warning that the ensuing statement needs an especial scrutiny.

TO affect profundity is another short-cut around actual demonstration. A great teacher once urged us, when we encountered a German passage that looked like pretty deep stuff, always to translate it into English; "for the German language lends itself readily to bathos." That test cannot, however, be applied to sesquipedalian metaphysical incantations. Many a word-juggler has won and saved face by uttering an awe-inspiring string of syllables. Similarly can a mathematician club a layman into a supine coma by sketching mysterious curves in the air; it is only the stratospheric prowlings of a Newton or a Gibbs that eventually wind up upon the solid earth of practical application and may not, indeed, win him any immediate face at all.

A special reluctance to say: "I do not know" has always afflicted mankind when facing insolubles: questions as to the nature of God, the origin of life, immortality, and so on. Here we encounter the necessity of distinguishing two types of "know": to know by experience, as contrasted with knowing by revelation, intuition, or one's "whole humane totality." This writing is concerned only with the former, experiential type. To it the race

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has always come back, from the chase of phantasms, as something to live by. It has made survival possible; for if our predecessors had not laboriously piled up their little grains of experience-derived wisdom, instead of peering with lack-lustre eye into the vast abyss of insoluble mystery that yawns at the end of every vista of knowledge, we should not be here to strawsplit about what knowledge really is. "The first task of life is to live." "In the beginning was the Act." Men have had to have something practical to act upon. Even the inspired seer must needs eat. The race could not lie down before mystery; it had to get busy on what immediate experience had taught it. After an Athenian audience had listened to a play by Sophocles and had had a delightful shiver over inexorable Fate, it recovered its spirits by chattering on the way home, and then went to work as usual in making a livelihood along tried and tested lines of experience. Fate or no Fate, they had to do that, and knew how.

IT must be a spacious sensation, bland to the face of those who know all the answers without any trouble, to rise superior to the grubbers in the dirt of materialism, to be able, as "arrangers of things," to assign them their lowly tasks and bid them bring their toil-won results to their self-appointed masters for "evaluation." The fact is that the more a man knows, the more is he prone to beat his breast in realization of his own ignorance. But the general run of mankind, and especially these complacent arrangers of things, have never had their petty vanity jarred by a glimpse of their own mountainous ignorance, a sierra too colossal ever to be hidden by a few rags and tags of vainglorious camouflage. And yet the rags and tags beloved of vanity have been spread over ignorance in the form not only of weasel-words that suck away the vital fluid of sense and meaning, but also of ostrich-words fondly and hopefully hollowed out in language as funk-holes for face.

Returning to the insolubles: all peoples have taken recourse to some "creation-hypothesis" as accounting for origins—to some "Miltonic theory," to recall Huxley's diplomatic term. Explanatory dogmas have been spun around revelation, most of them merely restating the issue in pompous terms, in a theological construction that is not knowledge at all. "Land is the gift of God," states the theologian. But that merely means land is here, which everyone knows. So are storms and pestilence here. Are they gifts? The question: "How do they come to be here?" can be honestly answered in only one way: "We do not know," a reply neither face-winning nor -saving.

Theologians have been facile with "interpretations" designed to prove that they have been right "after all" —another red-light phrase. Consider the "reconciliation" between Genesis and geology, and the stretching of the six "days" of Creation. Does "day" mean twenty-four hours, as we were once taught? Ah, no. Cæsar's "dies ad deliberandum" might be a week. Things that happened "in Washington's day" cannot be dated as occurring on February twenty-second, 1732. If every dog has his day, does that mean that

any particular dog has, say, July fourth? And how about a day being, with the Lord, a thousand years? Then "day" cannot mean what the older theologians thought. They merely misinterpreted. But the essential truth was there in the Scripture, "after all."

Since the clergy have laid claim to all knowledge, and since their pronouncements are never presented as contingently true but as all and always true, and also as containing all the truth there is, no admission whatever can be made by them without losing face; for even a single exception is fatal to an universal proposition. Reference to records of the protracted warfare between science and theology will turn up a profusion of face-savings; and the research need not be antiquarian, either.

An allied face-saving expedient is to call on Nature instead of on the gods. "Why are most human beings right-handed?" Answer: "Because they are naturally that way." That is, they are that way because they are that way. "Where do rights come from?" Answer: "They are natural products." That means: "We do not know"; but in this case we can know, and when we do, we find all rights conferred by society.

Another handy stick to beat the cat with is to blame someone else. Let his be the censure, the shame, so long as my face remains intact. "The woman is to blame," says Adam. "Oh, no!" exclaims Eve, "the Serpent!" If no particular person can be thus singled out, there is still "society," some "class," "mere luck," or some other abstraction to be blamed. Often mere silence will do: I promise to be the first to confess error and failure; I err or fail; I keep mum about it; people forget; my face is saved, especially if I can divert attention deftly enough.

Education is a-drip with face-saving devices. Admissions of ignorance are precious by reason of their rarity. How often has one heard an educational Plan that has been exploded in experience described as, "after all," a success; or its failure charged to an "uncoöperative" minority; or its continuation advocated, or its resurrection predicted, by "arguments" couched exclusively in the future tense: "Do as we say, and you will see." With what monotonous iteration have critics been impatiently adjured to concur in some utopian scheme "in principle," on the assurance that the details that give them contemptible pause "will take care of themselves." And when details have done so (for they are expert in self-help), but not in the sense predicted, what agility in face-saving acrobatics has not been displayed! The zealous and arrogant ignoramus is not only a stock character in education—he rejoices also in a veritable racket. This is too well known to the doer of things, who is ever pestered by the buzzings of the arrangers of things, to need any elaboration.

IN any field, it is the magician and those who are devoted to magic who cannot bring themselves to admit fallibility. The seer is one who "sees," right off the bat, and really needs no accessory equipment of rattles, drums, and other insight-yielding instrumentalities except for face-enhancing mystery. Magic has been considerably exposed, in the matter of its pretentious vacuity, so as to have been evicted from certain ranges of experience-derived knowledge. Astrology and alchemy have been replaced by astronomy and chemistry. There are those who hold that magic has fled into its last and most impregnable stronghold: politics. Certainly its distinguishing trait of face-saving is characteristic enough within the political range. Our politicians who are not getting along too well do not, of course, commit *hara-kiri*—though such self-elimination would have its points; but if there is any other face-saving device un-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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What It Feels Like to Be an Author

OSBERT SITWELL

WHAT is really the life, the *private* life, of an author? None, he has none: comes the answer. Whether poet, novelist, or essayist, a writer possesses, when his profession is compared with that of others, one supreme advantage combined with disadvantage—he can never stop working. Everything he sees or does is, in a sense, work; as much as writing itself. Thus he can never be idle for a moment, never live for the sake of living, never take an absolute rest. When he says "Now I will stop work," it is only in order to begin laboring in another medium. Moreover, being, as it were, both inside and outside his work, he is at the same time, or should be, abnormally sensitive and abnormally insensitive. In this way he is able to watch himself in action at the dentist's or when annoyed by some noise at night, and to observe with amusement his own responses and ruses.

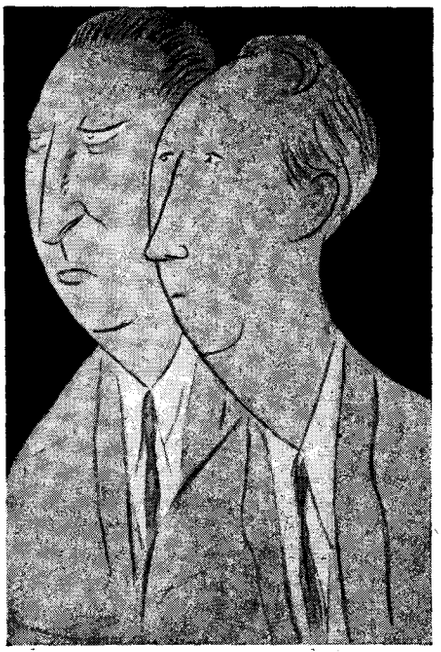
If, however, the author has *his* own way of looking at life, so have the members of the public their way of looking at him. They well know that every writer—and more especially every poet—is sent down from above as much for the counselling of all aspiring amateurs as for the entertainment of the crowd: and they consider that his sense of duty should oblige him to read carefully every manuscript forwarded to him, accompanied by the usual egotist's screed, and then annotate it and comment at length upon its merits. . . . All this the author must do without payment: indeed it is only fair, since writing in general consists of pure inspiration, poetry in particular being crooned, as it were, directly across the ether by the Great Invisible Crooner. No hours of labor, therefore, are needed for composition.

Ever has it been thus with poetry since, instead of being sung, it first began to be written down. Doubtless Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden—although manuscripts in those days were less easy to land on authors by post—, found themselves similarly victimized. Pope, we know, felt himself obliged to spend countless hours in inventing excuses for not reading the imitative echoes of his own verse with which unknown persons continually favored him. In consequence, he incurred much blame for the lies he told so profusely in order to avoid having to hurt the feelings of innumerable young people. And unless the world has changed, moreover, not only *young* people—for we seem, really, to be a nation of would-be poets rather than of successful shopkeepers. Old ladies and young ladies, cabinet ministers and porters, housemaids and aldermen and gamekeepers, hunting men, fishwives, and interior-decorators; all of them appear, at one time or another, to have essayed The Easy Art. . . . And war, which stirs the emotions and numbs the brain, only increases the number of aspiring poets and addled poems.

Nevertheless, these treasures which every post brings to an author of any celebrity constitute by no means his most serious infliction. His standing being that of an unpaid public servant, he is expected to bestow his time and the benefit of his advice upon anyone, whatever his need may be, who sees fit to claim them. And how diverse is the range of the necessity! It varies from giving instruction in the proper control of a hot-water bottle in the winter bed to an opinion upon psychic dancing or the principles of Schopenhauer. Chaperonage, too, apparently forms part of his job: for only a little while before the war, a lady of whom I had never heard, but who wanted to write a book which obliged her to contemplate spending some hours every day in the Reading Room of the British Museum, telephoned to command me to escort her there every morning, and to fetch her back home every evening; because, as she phrased it, "The museum's such a grimy old place, it makes me feel quite nervous going in and out of it by myself." And, on another occasion, a stout woman rang the front-door bell, and when I answered it, put her foot between the jamb and the door so as to prevent my shutting it, and demanded that I should take down in embroidery—one of the few arts of which I am altogether ignorant—the colors that she would sing to me—and, at this point, she burst into loud, unbidden song.

IN growing numbers, too, there are the hordes of charity harpies begging books, a most unpleasant and persistent species. I refer particularly to the organizers of bazaars for eleemosynary causes, who never think twice before demanding, almost with menaces, a signed copy from an author of one or more of his works: though at the same time he is expected to pay his taxes and contribute in the ordinary way to deserving objects. And how frank and unabashed in tone is this great army of cadgers. "Our idea is," runs a paragraph in a letter, headed *Famous Authors Books Fund,* which has just reached me from a hospital situated in a distant part of the country to that in which I live, "to collect autographed books from famous authors, and auction them to book-lovers and well-to-do people." (I like particularly, do not you, gentle reader, the distinction so wisely drawn between "book-lovers" and "well-to-do people"?) "All of the money," it continues reassuringly, "thus raised, will be put to the Fund. The Appeals Committee will be tremendously grateful," the writer goes on, "if you will autograph, and give us a copy of one of your books, preferably the book which you consider to be your best, as that will add to the interest of the sale. . . ." So even the gift of a volume, and its signature by a "famous author," is not enough; no, he must deliver judgment upon himself as well! . . . Yet the writer of this letter is in private life a nice, kind person, I should hazard, who would never dream of writing to a fishmonger, saying "Our idea is to collect your best fish, ask you to sign them, and then auction them to fishlovers and well-to-do people." He only writes in this way because he, together with the general public, shares the crooning conception of the author's work which I have adumbrated earlier.

Both of them consider that printed books fall upon the author like manna from heaven. Never does it begin to



The brothers Sitwell, Osbert and Sacheverell, as drawn by Max Beerbohm in "Observations."

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dawn on the acquaintance who says to you, with the insinuating whine that authors know so well, "You never sent me your last book!", that he is demanding the equivalent of a postal order for 7s. 6d. Yet he would seldom dare to ask you for that amount outright. On the contrary, as his accompanying wheedling smile indicates, he regards his request as in some mysterious way a compliment to yourself. For every fool, however double-dyed in his folly, considers that his wishing to read a book must flatter its author. Or perhaps he bases his request on economic grounds of a different sort, understanding the real truth, now so often denied, that the only kind of money worth having is inherited, unearned money, and therefore feels that, if you earn the money by writing, you cannot mind giving it away, for you will certainly not have time in which to spend it—nor, as for that, anything, now, to spend it upon.

Sometimes, of course, the organizers of bazaars are more generous and provide the books themselves: but even this can end badly. I remember, in this connection, a friend who asked me to sign some of my books which she had purchased and was giving to be auctioned for charity. Being vague by nature, she sent me round the "Forsyte Saga" instead, with a note saying "Would you mind signing these as you so kindly promised. . . ." I did not feel I could disappoint her, as apparently I had given my word, so I signed them and they were auctioned, but I never learned what prices the admirers of Mr. Galsworthy gave for these unique items.

The most peculiar of all the special attitudes which members of the outside world manifest towards writers is that reserved for them by servants. They take a kindly care of us, as if we were rather mad children, albeit they refuse absolutely to look upon authorship as a profession and regard themselves as entirely free to interrupt their masters whenever they feel inclined to do so. . . . I remember, for example, how when I asked a servant, now dead, whether my sister was busy, because I wanted to show her a letter I had just received, he replied at once "Oh no, she's only writing"! And there can be little doubt that some deep instinct guides them very surely to burst in at *the* critical moment of inspiration, and generally to pursue the author with radios, gramophones, bumping, singing, stamping, smashing, dusting, and other ingenious tortures.

Yet, I suppose, authors have only themselves to blame for conduct of the kind I have described. They are for the most part a kindly, talkative lot, interested in everything and everybody—even if the interest is, perhaps, a little professional, like that of Granny Wolf in Red Riding Hood. And often, after the pattern of all artists, they are passionately conceited and self-centred, which tends to render them slightly ridiculous. "Let's have a little fun with them. Let's stick a pin or two into them and the bubbles they blow"; that is the general reaction to them. . . . But if the author hits back, then his opponent, the Little Man—that degraded and hideous personification of a contemporary ideal—yells to his brother, "Look! He's hitting someone smaller than himself!", forgetting, though the press daily and flatteringly reminds him of the fact, that, however small, it is the Little Man who composes the big battalions: the packs, flocks, and droves. Collectively, indeed, his methods resemble those of the herds of dwarf pigs which sweep through the forests of Central America, harrying and killing any living creature they meet that is bigger than themselves. They chase their victim for miles, and when they catch up with him, gore him to death. If a man climbs a tree, to elude them, they saw through the trunk with their tusks, and so get him just the same. Yet individually these little black porkers would harm no one, and are said to make charming pets, and often to be seen in the cities of their native region going shopping with their mistresses.

But I wander. . . . The reasons of the Little Man's attacks upon anyone over the normal size are, of course, easily to be comprehended. He is playing for safety, as well as enjoying the fun, and, further, there is the common desire to hit something bigger than yourself, to spit at the creative forces, to burn books, to debunk the great, to picnic in the ruins of a temple or palace— and, above all, the hitting is due to fright, sheer downright funk. The Little Man suspects an author—often wrongly—of being "clever." This, by itself, would terrify him, but there is, in addition, his permanent, haunting nightmare of "being put in a book." A kind of humiliating form of individual preservation, he feels it to be, as though he were a foetus or freak preserved in spirits of wine in a bottle, for future ages to wonder and wince at. . . . And the duller-minded and more boring he is, the more he dreads this fate, which he regards as inevitable if he should meet a novelist, for the Little Man is unaware that his own fear of "being put in a book" is only surpassed by the author's terror of the little beast getting himself there; an exploit which may involve a libel suit and impose upon the writer the payment of several thousands of pounds in damages.

THE Little Man, therefore, relies upon persecution to rid himself of his terror, and constantly seeks—and finds—new methods. Of these, noise is the chief. The arrival of an author in a hotel, for example, inspires the most extraordinary phenomena. All the parents staying there will, swayed by some peculiar herd instinct, at once bestow upon their children the most raucous and ear-splitting toys, whistles, croakers, toy trumpets, crackers, miniature whizz-bangs, hooters, watchmen's rattles, plates to smash, foghorns, and dogs that have been taught

"First they said my novel was too matter of fact, and now they say my autobiography is fictitious."

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to bark in an especially prolonged and attractive manner, and are encouraged to exercise this art by their dear little masters' perpetual teasing. And then, without adventitious help, the children themselves can cry and shout and sing—and do we not all love children's voices? . . . Down below, perhaps, a child of about fifteen, with fingers like a fox-terrier's paws or sometimes, you may think, like an elephant's feet, is being given lessons on a piano by a professional torturer, who does not mind what suffering he inflicts on innocent, compulsory listeners so long as he obtains his fees. This is the kind of pest who should be prosecuted and imprisoned. . . . The man in the next bedroom is learning to typewrite by day, and practises his snoring by night. (When you make a complaint about a snorer, he will always protest he has "never been known to snore before": and I think this is probably true; his unconscious mind has been tempted by the proximity of an author.) During the daytime, in every direction sound Salvation Army bands, the bands of the mutilated, and every kind of professional howling and bawling by beggars, while the perpetual dripping of taps, tattooing of hot-water pipes—now cold—and an occasional burst of wireless news or music, gives variety to the nights.

Many other methods of annoying an author are known, however, to the cognoscenti. Invitations, for example, are extended to him, not by friends, but by those who only contrive to remember his existence at certain periods. Thus, every time a book of his appears, he is sure to receive an invitation from Lady Flinteye, or from soulful persons who claim to have known him in some other existence which they have rendered tragic for him, and who are determined, equally, to prevent him from enjoying this one. . . . Worst of all, there are the clubs run for artistic ladies; institutions which exist to enable their three hundred members to boast "I met Mr. So-and-So at dinner," and, more especially, to provide a meeting-place for all those who wish to insult at their ease any painter, author, or musician whom they have been able to decoy thither to eat their rather indifferent food. Moreover it meets the difficulty that etiquette precludes them from being rude in their own, or in other people's, houses: but in a *club*, specially organized for the purpose! What *could* be better! For the Little Woman favors sex equality and intends to be every bit as rude as the Little Man. . . . And how expert she has become! . . . I remember my initial experience of one of these meals. I was placed next to a gentle-looking, white-haired old lady with a soft manner and a slight but genial palsy. She turned to me at once, and said with a sweet, old-fashioned smile: "Do you know, Mr. Sitwell, I believe I've read nearly all your books"—a pause (during which I clamped across my face a mask of expectancy and pleasure appropriate to the coming compliment), then she added, *con brio*, "and I don't like a single one of them!" . . . The insults are, indeed, often ingenious and sometimes amusing, even to those who are the object of them. On another occasion, I remember, I was introduced to a woman who was sitting next to me. . . . She at once burst into tears. My voice, I am sure, showed the interest and concern that I genuinely felt, as I inquired what was the matter. Giving a loud, yelp-like sob, she replied, "For a long time I have looked forward intensely to meeting you, and now that I *have* met you, it is *such* a disappointment! . . ." It was impossible not to sympathize with a display of so much virtuosity and genuine feeling.

MEN, nevertheless, are no whit behind women in this direction. Thus, I recall an incident after a large dinner-party in Madeira a few years ago, when an individual, who was obviously a prey to a peculiarly intense inferiority-complex—for he was stressing his individuality in the most painful manner by means of an eye-glass strung on a wide ribbon, and by a red-lined evening cloak, and every other possible, and impossible, attempt at originality of outward aspect—, came up to me, solely in order to be rude. . . . By this time, for I had already been writing for many years, I knew that look in the eye, so when, by way of prologue—having already been carefully introduced to me once, he said,—"Your name is Sitwell, isn't it?" I replied loudly and clearly, "NO! SHAKESPEARE!"

However, he proceeded: "Well, I know you are an author; and I want to tell you how much I despise all people who write books."

"You ought to try to read one of them . . ." I suggested.

I should, perhaps, merely have replied, "Little Man, You've had a Busy Day!" Because some instinct seems to prompt such people to be insolent to—it is true—all authors, but more particularly to that precise type of author who can most neatly or most severely answer them back. . . . Is it kind, one might inquire, to be rude to Pope or Dr. Johnson or Sheridan or Shaw—or Sitwell? is it ***kind***; but, above all, is it *wise*?

This article constitutes part of a new book by Mr. Sitwell, "Sing High, Sing Low," to be published shortly in London.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FOUR-WORD QUOTATIONS

Printed below are 20 four-word sentences which have been lifted out of as many well-known poems. Can you match up each sentence (after making a mental jump to identify the poem from which it was taken) with the poet who wrote it? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 25.

1. All losses are restored.	( ) Carroll
2. Fled is that music.	( ) Coleridge
3. Go, mark him well.	( ) Fitzgerald
4. He went galumphing back.	( ) Hunt
5. I blessed them unaware.	( ) Keats
6. It might have been.	( ) Kipling
7. I've taken my fun.	( ) Lear
8. Letters squirmed like snakes.	( ) Longfellow
9. Make me thy lyre.	( ) Lowell
10. My heart is pure.	( ) Milton
11. Of thee I sing.	( ) Poe
12. Say I'm growing old.	( ) Scott
13. Ten thousand saw I.	( ) Shakespeare
14. The devil take her!	( ) Shelley
15. The moon never beams.	( ) Smith
16. The Moving Finger writes.	( ) Southey
17. They dined on mince.	( ) Suckling
18. 'Twas a famous victory.	( ) Tennyson
19. Where were ye, Nymphs?	( ) Whittier
20. You know the rest.	( ) Wordsworth

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Mr. Simonson Raises the Curtain

PART OF A LIFE TIME. By Lee Simonson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 80 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MARGARET WEBSTER

LEE SIMONSON'S book should be of interest to a wide variety of readers. It has been issued by the publishers in a handsome format, wide and shallow, admirably adapted as a frame to some eighty excellent full-page photographs, but requiring from the reader either exceptional agility, or the use of a special armchair calculated to support the spread of the volume. The reproductions of Mr. Simonson's stage settings and sketches cover, in themselves, a wide range in design, from the expressionism of "Dynamo" and "Man and the Masses" to the realism of "Jane Eyre." They amply establish the artist's authority. The very representative set on "Marco Millions" demonstrates with particular clarity an austerity of pattern, a high degree of pictorial beauty, and the practical skill of an extremely able theatre craftsman. Twenty-five years, in the American theatre, are beautifully recorded.

The "libretto" which precedes these pictures covers a deal of ground and is lucidly and objectively written. The introductory chapters carry us with commendable briefness from the artist's early admiration for Maxwell Parrish, via a Harvard distinguished by the presence of such men as Santayana and George Pierce Baker, to the daring of the Stein's Paris apartment, where young men were actually encouraged to doubt the greatness of Picasso. The life and work of the *Rive Gauche* left Mr. Simonson dissatisfied. "The liberated American painters in Paris were an uneasy and secretly tormented lot," and on his return, the New York skyline, that "unrelated agglomeration of gigantic flues," failed to arouse him to exhilaration. The Bandbox Theatre and the Washington Square Players offered him the release he needed—henceforth his work lay in the theatre, and it was to cover a wide range of theatrical enterprise. His first assignment was to represent a café on a mountain top with a total of two pieces of scenery; after much persuasion he obtained a third, and used it, significantly, for a cut-out of cumulus clouds between the ground-row and the backdrop to suggest space and height. It is a far cry from here to the plaster and canvas elaboration of the "Amphytrion" heavens, but a salutory beginning for anyone who must learn to wrestle with the stubborn necessities and limitations of theatrical production.

The greater part of Mr. Simonson's theatrical career has been bound up with the Theatre Guild, and the story of this much-abused organization is here given with scientific objectivity and a pen only occasionally dipped in acid. His analysis of the Guild's rise and subsequent decline, his appraisal of both its contributions and shortcomings, are pungently supported with facts and figures. His portraits of the constituent members of the organization, courageously illustrated by a caricature of horrifying pertinence by Covarubbias, are illuminating. They explain both the qualities, "amateur" in the best sense, which created and maintained a very remarkable record of achievement, and those which have successively irritated to the point of frenzy everyone who has ever worked with the Guild in any capacity, and which made the dissolution of the original partners violent and inevitable.

The book contains amusing and illuminating accounts of theatrical ups-and-downs, unexpected triumphs, minor and major disasters, hair-breadth escapes and frustrated endeavors; it includes personal portraits of such figures as Werfel, Schnitzler, and, inevitably, Bernard Shaw, the last being an extension of the well-worn paths of the Shaw mythos; it comprises some analytic probing and some theorizing and some philosophizing. It is almost too dispassionate. It is a curious contrast to Robert Edmond Jones's "The Dramatic Imagination"; the two artists reach many of the same conclusions but by very different paths; Mr. Jones is exciting. Mr. Simonson a trifle formidable; Mr. Jones rouses your imagination and engages your heart, Mr. Simonson addresses your mind and your mind alone.

Lee Simonson

The most persuasive part of the book, and one which deserves to be studied with attention by anyone interested in the somewhat problematical future of the American theatre, is concerned with the economics of theatrical production in general, and of the designer in particular. It is not an encouraging picture, but it is an enlightening one. The history of the Theatre Guild itself reflects the general problems of the theatre, and is one of thickening problems and multiplying difficulties. It seems doubtful whether the Guild could have survived at all had conditions at its inception been what they are today. Its first success, for instance, "John Ferguson," cost $894 and left the Guild with a final profit of $40,000 with which to launch its next season. Today the production would have been more likely to cost $40,000, leaving the management with a working capital of $894. As for Mr. Simonson's tabulated analysis of the financial status of a selected number of stage designers, it is calculated to deter every young draftsman who reads it from ever daring to enter so hopelessly precarious a profession.

The familiar and almost insoluble problems are here arrayed: the dearth of good new plays, the dwindling number of actors engaged in the "legitimate" theatre; the fundamental difficulty "that although the theatre as a whole is a contracting and declining enterprise it is still a gambler's paradise for small groups of investors. . . . What is rare in the New York theatre is a moderate success that can operate at a small but steady profit"; and, of course, the "arteriosclerosis" which now practically confines the American professional theatre to Manhattan island.

Nevertheless, Mr. Simsonson somehow manages to reach an optimistic conclusion. He suggests one plan for the establishment and maintenance of the theatres of our dreams, where the gamblers are not in the ascendant, and where the young men and women of the coming generation can learn their respective crafts. It is doubtful whether the successful backers, playwrights, and managers (not, strangely enough, actors) who are to tax themselves voluntarily to this end would, in fact, have the vision or the selflessness to do so. Whether the theatre industry and its related crafts have the will, the imagination, or the energy to undertake that coördinated planning which Mr. Simonson rightly maintains is essential to its growth remains to be seen. Mr. Simonson is a realist, but he has not lost faith. The theatre has need of both these qualities.

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The Doughboy in Australia

PACIFIC PARTNER. By George H. Johnston. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
CAPTAIN C. BROOKS PETERS, USMC

PRIOR to 1942 most young Americans, and their parents, knew little more about Australia than that it was situated somewhere in the Pacific, was the home of kangaroos, and possessed a climate which nurtured men who, when aroused in a just cause, fought anywhere in the world with a tenacity and skill equalled by few and surpassed by no other soldiers in the world.

Since 1942 a very large number of young Americans have been to Australia. They came as partners in a tremendous martial undertaking. They found a continental island approximately the size of the United States but with a population about the same as New York City.

Most of those young men immediately felt at home, albeit many thousands of miles from their family hearths in this too little known democracy in which every adult male and female not only enjoys the franchise but is obligated by law to employ it. A large number of these young Americans took Australian girls to wife, and many of them plan to settle in this distant British Dominion after the war has been won.

All of this, and much more, about American marines, soldiers, and sailors "down under" is related by Mr. George H. Johnston, an Australian war correspondent, who has written four other books about the war in the Pacific. This reviewer can verify from personal experience with many of these young Americans in the Pacific that what Mr. Johnston recounts about them and their affection for his homeland is true.

Mr. Johnston's purpose in writing "Pacific Partner" was commendable. It was an endeavor to interpret to Americans why they, or their sons, feel so "completely at home" in Australia, as reciprocally, the author informs us, Australians do in the United States.

"This book is written by an Australian," Mr. Johnston informs us, "to tell Americans something of the impact which America has made on the world's youngest national democracy; to tell something of the struggle of Australian men and women toward a total war effort and an austere way of life; to tell the little-understood background of politics and people; to penetrate into the psychology of the Australian fighting man; and to examine his relations, in action and out of it, with the American doughboy."

In a considerable measure Mr. Johnston has succeeded in accomplishing his objectives. Within the covers of "Pacific Partner" are many data about Australian life and politics with which all Americans should be familiar. For although a country small in numbers it is a great country, and it desires intensely still closer bonds with the United States to whom, Mr. Johnston tells us, it looks directly for assistance now and in the post-war world in preserving its democracy from inroads from any of its Oriental neighbors whose populations total 1,100,000,000.

One cannot help feeling, however, that Mr. Johnston would have written a better book had he concerned himself less with military campaigns and militarists and concentrated his journalistic abilities on Australian history, politics, and particularly customs. The author shows little evidence, moreover, of having followed a carefully thought out plan in presenting his usually interesting, and instructive, material.

One cannot help wondering, too, whether Mr. Johnston would not have credited Admiral Halsey's South Pacific forces with a slightly larger role in stopping the Japanese had he spent as much time in that theatre as he did in the Southwest Pacific.

But Mr. Johnston is concerned primarily with a country in which "tipping" is considered "an unwanted evil," a country of which he writes:

> The Australian way of life is probably more democratic even than the American—certainly much more so than the British. There are few of the wide differences, either in climate or class, that are found in the United States. There is less poverty but there is less wealth, there are few palatial buildings and practically no luxury hotels, but there are no slums in the true sense of the word. There is remarkably little respect for either wealth or position. The job of the plumber is respected as much as that of the lawyer. In any case, the two usually start off life by attending the same Government school. The most detested persons in Australia are the snob and the social climber.

A book about such an Allied country, particularly when written by a competent journalist, cannot help but have appeal. Especially those who have friends or relatives in the Southwest Pacific will enjoy, and benefit from, a reading of "Pacific Partner."

Ten courses in literature, writing, speech are offered by the New School for Social Research, in New York City, in the Spring term. Among those giving the courses are: Elbert Lenrow, Edgar Johnson, John Gassner, Gorham Munson, Peter Monro Jack, Jean Benoit-Levy, Alice Hermes, and Marian Rich.

The editors and associates of "The Literary History of the United States," under the chairmanship of Robert E. Spiller, will report their findings in a weekly series meeting on Fridays at 8:30 P.M.

A "Ready-Room" for American airmen in the South Pacific area. From the drawing by Tom Lea.

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The Making of the Red Army

RUSSIAN CAVALCADE. A MILITARY RECORD. By Albert Parry. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1944. 334 *pp.* $3.50.

THE GROWTH OF THE RED ARMY. By D. Fedotoff White. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1944. 486 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

ACTION in the theater of operations is ordinarily the principal subject of the recent books on the Russian Army. The protagonists and the supporting players are usually taken at their face value and how they learned their roles in the current success has not been readily understood. Both Mr. Albert Parry and Mr. D. Fedotoff White undertake to explain this phenomenal achievement, the former by sketching Russia's military history from 1760 to 1917 and the latter by analyzing the social background of the Red Army from 1917 to 1939. Mr. Parry continues his story to include the victory at Stalingrad with a description of the Red Army as it is today.

Mr. Parry and Mr. White were born in Russia and have lived in this country for some years. Both depend on long range observation and documentary evidence for their conclusions. Mr. Parry's book must be classed among the ephemera, for its historical background, in spite of its great interest, is rather superficial and data on the Red Army will ultimately be more accurate and complete. It is, however, well worth reading for its timely contribution to a better understanding of the Red Army. On the other hand Mr. White's book is a penetrating and well documented analysis of lasting historical value written by a former officer of the Imperial Russian Navy, who after serving with Admiral Kolchak, and following a period in a Soviet concentration camp, was a professor at the Soviet Naval War College before coming to this country.

These two books on the Russian Army are extremely different in style, in scope, and in purpose. Nevertheless to a remarkable degree they complement each other. Mr. Parry's narrative of the exploits of Russia's armies from the occupation of Berlin in 1760 to the present day, lays much stress on the character of Russia's military leaders from Suvorov to the distinguished soldiers of Stalin's armies. He concludes that incompetent leaders were responsible for Russia's defeats in the past. Its soldiers have always been brave. He quotes an American military attache who observed the Russian Army in the war with Turkey to prove his point. Lieut. Francis Vinton Green wrote in 1877:

> The Russian soldier's patience is boundless; his endurance, his good humor under hardship, his capacity for fighting on an empty stomach and under difficulties, are beyond all praise, and will enable a general who appreciates these qualities to work wonders with them; and he is probably the steadiest of all soldiers under defeat and adversity. Deprived of their officers, a body of Russian soldiers may degenerate into a helpless, inert mass and be slaughtered by means of their very cohesiveness, but they will never take a panic.

The first half of Mr. Parry's book depicts the exploits of Russian arms before the Second World War. In 1799 the daring and swift moving Suvorov with his unpredictable improvisations succeeded in northern Italy against previously victorious French armies. Kutuzov was a master of retreat and by his handling of the Russian Army he forced Napoleon's disastrous withdrawal from Moscow. The defeat of the Russian Army in the Crimea in 1855 is seen through the eyes of the artillery officer Tolstoy. The Russo-Japanese War and the First World War are further evidence according to Mr. Parry that "the history of Russia and her wars was fated to be a struggle between the sturdiness of her soldiers and the incapacity of someone at the top."

The Red Army is the legatee of the imperial Russian armies. The imperial military traditions described by Mr. Parry help to determine the character of the Red Army, for power of heredity is strong even in a vastly altered environment. The effect of the revolutionary social environment on the development of the Red Army is Mr. White's sphere of interest.

—Photo by Margaret Bourke-White, from "Shooting the Russian War."

Members of a Russian Infantry Platoon

This side of warfare has been particularly overlooked and its neglect, at least in part, accounts for the failure to foresee that, in Russia's present struggle against an invader with vast military power, history would repeat Kutuzov's victory against Napoleon in 1812.

In the early nineteenth century Clausewitz pointed out that war belonged to the province of social existence. Nevertheless most people were satisfied in weighing the relative military power of the nations to inquire how big are the battalions. They realized that the factories were an essential part of war, and likewise the mines, the railroads, the communications systems, and the entire population. But such imponderables as education, ideologies, morale, technology, rarely counted in their estimates. Who today would deny the calamitous effect on French military potential of the violently antagonistic ideologies that disrupted that nation? Or who will readily forget the social implications of war, perusing Mr. White's profound study of military sociology?

Mr. Parry has little to say about the growth of the Red Army from 1917 to 1939. This is exactly the scope of Mr. White's book, which describes the amazing development of the Red Army out of the chaos in 1917 to the force that stopped Hitler in 1941, an achievement almost unparallelled in military annals. The author defines his work as "a study in military sociology and not an attempt to write a general history of the Red Army." Therefore the reader will look in vain for details of armament or military organization, of war plans or logistical methods. He will learn in minute detail that requires close attention and makes for rather hard reading how the Red Army was conceived, with what travail it was born, and how it was reared to maturity.

That the Red Army survived its internal conflicts, that it overcame the antagonisms between its officers and enlisted men is a feat that merits profound study. It is now easy to understand the function of the commissars in the Red Army. But when the conflicts between officers, commissars, communist cells, and workers and peasants in the ranks are examined, the fact that the Red Army evolved at all out of these clashing elements is something of a miracle.

The first years of the Red Army

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were passed in the midst of civil wars. The armed forces were recruited only from classes presumed to be loyal to the regime. National defense was of minor importance compared with class and group dictatorship. Lenin's dictatorship with its "narrow social base" required novel military methods to insure political reliability. To begin with, the Red Guard in the spring of 1917 was an industrial workers' militia, and it was built up while the old army was being undermined by revolutionary propaganda. It was of questionable value, and not until November, 1918, was there any real machinery for national defense, although the principle of compulsory service was adopted in June, 1918.

In a few months thereafter the army was on its way. Many former officers were serving in the midst of the acute hatred of the private soldiers, the commissars, and the old non-commissioned officers. The commissars, "Marxian chaplains," spreading the gospel of communism as political representatives of the government, broke down the principle of unity of command. Although they were useful while the Red Army was becoming a solid military organization, they were occasionally harmful in their interference. Like Alice's White Knight, they fell only to mount again to power until their final mortal tumble in 1942.

In 1919 Trotsky introduced a class of modern helots, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," by requiring that only workers and "honest toiling peasants be mobilized." The kulaks and the sons of the bourgeoisie would be the Rear Militia. "Let them do the common, the hardest work in the interest of the army and the defense of the Soviet land." This relegated practically all the educated class of Russians to labor battalions. Once more "the needs of the army were sacrificed to the political security of the party." All these things stimulated revolutionary enthusiasm and gave the soldiers of the early Red Army the fervor of the crusader for Russia and the whole world. For it is true that during many years the Red Army was strong with its feeling of class consciousness. This went so far as to assume that an enemy's armed force would disintegrate when the workers and peasants in the hostile army would desert to the Soviet colors. And yet as late as 1925 the training of the Red Army was still inferior to that of the old Russian Army, and its equipment was very poor.

What happened to military doctrine in this period? Because of its beliefs the Red Army was for impetuous attack. This view was supported by Frunze, Voroshilov, and Tukhackevski. Trotsky, however, was for the

Kutuzov policy and supported the necessity for a defensive attitude during mobilization.

Mr. White's description of the development of Russian industrialization is of great moment. Eventually this enabled the Red Army to obtain modern armament in tremendous volume. During this time the strength of the army was not increased and "because of this it was possible to furnish the existing units more quickly with modern weapons and to train them in the use of these."

Meanwhile education was reformed and the greater number of technically trained workers and of peasants used to handling tractors was of inestimable value to a mechanized army. But the peasantry was in a rebellious mood as the collective farm was forced upon them in 1932. To counteract this and as war clouds appeared, Stalin did everything possible to develop Soviet patriotism and to secure collaboration between workers, peasants, and intellectuals.

With the scrapping of the Territorial Militia system in the late thirties, a national army with a strong centralized control was realized. A true revolution had occurred in the growth of the Red Army. And so today, concludes Mr. White, "the soldier of the Red Army is a very different fighter from the poorly educated peasant soldier who fought so heroically in World War I—as different as Russian industrial development in 1914 from that of 1940."

The latter half of Mr. Parry's book relates the events of the war to the surrender of the German Army at Stalingrad. Staff operations and the logistics involved in the greatest fighting the world has ever seen are not mentioned, probably for the good reason that little is known of these activities of the Red Army. The combatant arms—tanks, air force, infantry, artillery, cavalry—are described in ample detail for the layman. The Russian cavalry plus Russian climate and topography brought about the renaissance of the horse with many a maneuver reminiscent of the great cavalry leaders of our own Civil War. The service rendered by these horsemen nullified the gibe of 1918 that "the function of cavalry in war was to add tone to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl."

Mr. Parry and Mr. White, each in a separate field, have performed a useful purpose in accounting for the greatness and strength of the formidable Red Army.

Some Literary Bedside Tackle

FISH AND TIN FISH. By Philip Wylie. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS collection of short stories will be standard bedside tackle for anyone who has ever "soaked a line in salt water," but it is good lively reading even for those who fight their tuna with a salad fork and don't know a marlin from a bowsprit. All of the fifteen stories deal with the activities or clients of Crunch and Des, captain and crew, respectively, of a Miami Beach fishing boat; Des is such a secondary character that he hardly deserves special billing.

Most of these stories follow familiar patterns; hero makes good—in this book, catches fish—and gets girl; fishing makes man of hero; hero catches fish and gets job, etc. The stories rest lightly on plot, however; the thing that makes them move is Mr. Wylie's obvious familiarity with deep sea fishing, his passion for it, and his ability to tell about it.

Some of them have notable humor, too. "Bimini Haul" is the story of a Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs, who practises patience through a disastrous day and then drinks out a bar and smashes his hotel room to splinters. The story, which begins quietly with a dignified shoals fisher crowning an equally dignified deep-sea fisher with a pie because of a difference of opinion about the sporting qualities of their hobbies, has a good twist of plot. "The Man Who Had Been Everywhere" and talked about it also has a neat turn.

Three or four war stories—a floating mine, a false alarm, a submarine encounter, are scattered through the book in what may be an effort to justify a topical jacket. These are somewhat thin.

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Behind the Confederate Front

BEHIND THE LINES IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Charles W. Ramsdell. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1944. 136 *pp.* $2.

THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Bell Irving Wiley. The same. 1943. 104 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

ONE of the most encouraging things about the present state of American historical writing is the growing maturity of our Southern historians. The myth of Confederate glory dies slowly, but it is dying at last, and Southern historians are learning to face reality. These two books, written by Southerners and published by a Southern university press, give a candid and truthful appraisal of the economic, financial, and social problems the Confederacy had to face.

It is one of the ironies of history that the Confederates, who were fighting to preserve local autonomy, states rights, a semi-feudal aristocracy, and an agrarian economic system, were defeated primarily by the very nature of what they were trying to preserve. And it is doubly ironic that, as the long years of war dragged on, their government had to abandon, step by step, the principles for which their people were supposedly fighting. Impressment of supplies, conscription, the assumption of power by the central government, nationalization or at least national control of transportation, manufacture, and agriculture were resorted to in order to save a nation that was not sufficiently well developed to carry on a war in which mechanization was playing an ever-increasingly important role. "It is the Northern mechanic who is defeating us," one astute Southerner finally declared.

It is easy enough to see now that the Southern Confederacy was doomed from the beginning. With only $25,000,000 in gold as her specie reserves and with the possibility of export cut off by the blockade, monetary inflation was inevitable. Her too-few and still-primitive railroads, which had never been integrated into a system of transportation, made it impossible to move supplies efficiently or quickly. Everywhere the disastrous effects of rapid inflation made it difficult for people to purchase even the necessities of life. The plight of her people was dramatically expressed in a letter from the wife of a soldier which Dr. Ramsdell quotes:

> How far will eleven dollars [the Confederate soldier's monthly salary] go . . . when meat is from $75 to $100 pr. pound, flour $50 pr. bll. wood from 4 to 5$ pr. load, meal . . . 4 and 5 dollars pr bushel. . . . Now Sir how we ask you in the name of God are we to live?

The men who plunged the South into war expected the conflict to be brief and decisive. No one foresaw that it would last four years, and the miracle of the Confederacy was that it was able to endure as long as it did. On the battlefield her troops fought valiantly and well. But behind the lines there were simply not enough resources to enable the soldiers in the field to continue, and the Confederacy collapsed quickly, catastrophically, and ingloriously. In fact, "It just petered out" as one observer wisely said.

Southern historians have no need to be apologetic, for no nation can support a long war without adequate resources. These books tell what really happened on the Confederate home front, and they rely on facts and statistics rather than on emotion or long-cherished myth. They are recommended reading for those whose ideas of the Confederacy were gained from ancestral tradition or from reading romantic novels about white-pillared mansions where crinolines and gray-and-gold uniforms were the only symbols of a war which was decided not by gallant courage but by production schedules and the overwhelming might of superior force.

—Drawing from "The Making of America."

Brant, Mohawk Chief

WEST TO THE SETTING SUN. By Harvey Chalmers 2nd. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1943. 362 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

THE author here presents a fictionized biography of the celebrated Mohawk chieftain, Joseph Brant. It was he who led the People of the Longhouse or Indians of the Six Nations, the Iroquois, through the years of their greatest triumph and disaster. Like all other Indians on our frontier, he found that the possession of gunpowder and lead was necessary to survival against enemies armed with civilized weapons, and since the British provided gunpowder, Joseph and his tribes fought for them. He was a brilliant leader and came near to winning the war for the British. Perhaps had his advice been followed, the war might have ended differently.

With the war and diplomacy, we have an added attraction in the form of a love story. The Chief is represented as the lover of Catherine Croghan, the half-breed spy, whose information enabled 200 Rangers and a handful of Indians to keep the frontier on fire for four years.

The author had the help of the great-granddaughter of the Chief's second son by the lady spy. She has helped him to achieve a true understanding of the Indians and to see them as human beings rather than as treacherous cutthroats.

Apparently this book is the result of a thorough study of all the available data on its subject; but where data did not exist, the author has made free to supply the lack by inventing motives and dialogue and action to present what he thinks Brant would have done or said under the circumstances. The result is a book which is neither a biography nor a novel, and this will be a disappointment to those who step warily in interpreting the psychology of an alien race and a primitive civilization, particularly since the author is not at pains to let his reader know when he is filling in with his own invention. There is always a danger in such an attempt, that the reader, left in the dark as to what is definitely known, may feel a lack of confidence throughout the reading of the book.

The author writes competently and tells an interesting story—the old story of Indians cheated and pushed out of their homeland until they took up the tomahawk and fought to their inevitable defeat.

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THE BELATED DISCOVERY

TWO remarkable motion pictures are filling their theatres today in New York to capacity; both have been created from famous novels, and both, unlike so many screen dramatizations, scrupulously follow the text of the books, even though one of them seems to have suffered from a faulty setting. The pictures are Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," that passionate and romantic story of her own day; and the equally romantic, equally passionate (though the passion is that of another world) Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette," which had its beginning in Lourdes in 1858, eleven years after "Jane Eyre" was published. After rereading both these novels, one of which has moved its readers for almost a century as the other has gained its million readers in two years, it was an interesting experience to see what Hollywood has made of them.

If it is enough to have merely produced a highly dramatic picture, then "Jane Eyre" is successful. But someone seems to have laid violent hands on its outward form, as if he were determined to squeeze it into a mood that Charlotte Brontë had not conceived. The director's obvious passion for architectural magnificence and for the dramatic effect of shadows has had strange results. Everyone is familiar with this Hollywood passion for exhibitionism and for artistic camera maneuvers. How often have we seen the living room of what an author designed as a country cottage revealed as sixty feet long, or a town house turned into a gloomy palace. The producers of "Jane Eyre" have envisioned Mr. Rochester's early Victorian country house as a monstrous medieval castle with towers, dungeons, battlements, spiral staircases, and fireplaces big enough to stable a horse in. Carnavon Castle in Wales, in its heyday, would pale beside it. Inside, it is depressingly gloomy and enormous; its vast rough stone walls obliterate all light and color. And no one seems to have told its megalomaniac architects that even in the rudest times the walls of castle living spaces were covered with tapestry. "Little Jane Eyre," who suffers from a cold a good deal in the novel, would have frozen to death in one winter of this vast tomb. It suits, however, Mr. Welles's rude frame and his glaring and ferocious countenance, though it subdues Jane Eyre to a wan creature who is unable to reveal any emotion except a frown and once the beginnings of a tear. As Miss Brontë faithfully describes Mr. Rochester's residence in some detail there is no excuse for this grim fantasy. We know well Mrs. Fairfax's cozy Victorian sitting room, the luxurious dining room, the white arch that leads up to the large and brilliantly candle-lit drawing room. The gentlemen of wealth in England in the eighteen-forties lived in comfort, they abhorred the rude harshness of barbarous times, and the revival of medievalism in the days of Horace Walpole had long since vanished.

It is the fabulous castle and the director's and producer's love for shadows and darkness that twist the mood of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre." In the novel, Jane is always alive and human. She is not outwardly sparkling; long hardship has trained her to keep her emotions to herself, but she is vital, and the actress whose countenance so well counterfeits Jane's might in less oppressive surroundings be able to reveal her true and complete nature. Jane is humble, but rigidly hostile to injustice or to any violation of her moral code or common sense; she is deeply intelligent, for during her years at Lowood Orphan Asylum she had read and thought deeply; she is gifted and an imaginative painter; she is intuitive and understands the goodness and the desire for love that underlies Rochester's proud arrogance. Her warm, passionate nature and her gifts are crushed by the grim presentation given the picture. Orson Welles has frozen Jane to provide himself with a Roman holiday.

Despite all this, "Jane Eyre" will probably satisfy the millions who will eventually see it, but that their conception of the novel and of the fiery depths of the Brontë novel will be distorted and obscured by this nightmare background is to be deeply regretted.

In the "Song of Bernadette" the producers had a far more difficult task than a dozen "Jane Eyres" could present. To dramatize the miracle of Lourdes, from that February day in 1858 when a simple and ignorant peasant girl first saw "the lady," to her assumption as a Saint of the Catholic hierarchy after her death, and to produce it reverently, beautifully, and dramatically was a tremendous feat. That it has been accomplished perfectly and that it is one of the great motion pictures of our day is something to be grateful for. One does not have to be a Catholic to love and admire it, for only a stubborn and cold heart could refrain from yielding to its charm and dramatic intensity. Bernadette Soubirous, the child of squalid poverty, is no Jane Eyre, and yet her indomitable courage and honesty are not unlike Jane's. And she is torn by love, as is Jane Eyre, love for her vision and longing for its return. The picture had to show the life and death of Bernadette, and the turmoil into which the miraculous spring in the grotto near Lourdes and the healing qualities of its waters threw the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of France. It had to show this simple girl in conflict with the forces that tried to prove her either mad or a fraud. And it had to remain faithful throughout to the girl's true nature.

"The Song of Bernadette," and, to a lesser extent, "Jane Eyre," answer all the questions that one might ask about the ability of the screen and of competent actors to present literary works of imagination and genius. The screen can reproduce the mood in which a book was written, and the hearts and minds of the characters the author has created—that fourth dimension which the novelist alone had the privilege of penetrating. It can be accomplished because this particular picture has succeeded in doing so. And at the same time it indicates that the dramatization of any great and loved book is not improved if its essential meaning and its characters are twisted to suit Hollywood fantasies or the ego of any one director or actor.

H. S.

Correction

Our attention has been called to two serious errors in the January 15, 1944 issue, Trade Winds, page 14. Carola, the two-year-old child of Emily Hahn, is not half-Chinese, as stated. We are informed by Miss Hahn that the father is a British Army officer now in a prison camp in Hong-Kong. Miss Hahn further points out that she was not interviewed aboard the *Gripsholm* by a group of reporters, as indicated in Trade Winds, and that only two press interviews were granted, both of them at her hotel. Miss Hahn objects here to the inference that reporters covering the *Gripsholm* landing ignored all the passengers save herself.

Mr. Cerf and the editors are glad to make these corrections, and apologize to Miss Hahn and to our readers for the errors.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stettinius for President?

SIR: In creating a bandwagon for Edward Stettinius [Feb. 8], Bennett Cerf, who has no peer as a columnist, appears to have gotten tangled in the wheels.

From what crystal ball has he discovered a Democratic plan to make Stettinius the nominee? Certainly not from the Washington reporters, who are aware of what's going on politically if anybody is. If the party bigwigs were pinning their hopes on Stettinius, they would have issued a few hints before now.

Mr. Cerf seems to think Stettinius's book on Lend-Lease was released to coincide with the alleged build-up. I doubt if the electorate is that interested in literature. Actually, I wonder if it wasn't to emphasize the great and worthy role of Lend-Lease itself?

As to Stettinius's qualifications for President, what basis has Mr. Cerf for claiming the Undersecretary of State has the "confidence" of labor? I doubt very much if labor would indorse him warmly. Mr. Cerf also praises Stettinius's work in the State Dept., but all evidence would indicate that he has played the role of an amiable front man there. The State Department hasn't changed appreciably, despite its new radio program.

Stettinius is still unknown to the vast majority of the American people, and even if he weren't, can Mr. Cerf find a Democrat who would assert that the party could win with any other candidate than Mr. Roosevelt?

If, as Mr. Cerf says, the President has decided not to run again, surely he would have built up another man in the public eye long ago—that is, unless he was willing to turn the country over to the GOP, which seems highly unlikely.

SERRELL HILLMAN.

New York City.

The "Inner Review"

SIR: Your "inner review" is the most satisfying review I have read for a coon's age. Let's have more with "the story behind and about the book."

Without reading the book, just using Mr. Lynch's review, and with plenty of padding from my imagination, I am sure I could review it before a women's literary club and bring down the house. Unless of course some inquisitive sister peradventure might ask me why Maciel slaughtered his mother. I believe Mr. Lynch should have included this disturbing item.

Mr. Lynch has me all hot and bothered to read this book. So I guess I'll have to pester them at the library till they get a copy.

J. C. EDWARDS.

St. Louis, Missouri.

"It's the author of 'How to Relax.' He's here to collect his royalties."

SIR: You ask for reader comments on "inner review" form. Here are mine. 1. Space wasted in long italicized collation—nobody (?) needs that data in rev. 2. Better to work genesis, theme, appeal, etc., into one rounded composition, at will of writer or editor, not to divide it up and label it conspicuously—possible exception: author notes. In general, "inner review" plan too textbookish and dull, discouraging craftsmanship. I hope you discard it. Fuller information on reviewers would suit me.

ROBERT FRANKLIN.

Memphis, Tenn.

"The Promise"

SIR: Mr. G. O. Knowles, M.P., wrote you from Toronto about Struthers Burt's review of "The Promise," which riled him. I don't want to argue about that or about British colonial policy. But I do get riled myself by his remark about "misinformed criticism" by Pearl Buck on the subject of India. I am afraid that Mr. Knowles himself is the victim of misinformation, or miscalculation. He cites as evidence of British success in "handling foreigners" that India "has thousands of its native population fighting with the Allies." There are in fact 2,000,000 Indian troops, all volunteers. But let Mr. Knowles as a Canadian put to himself the following question, asked on the last page of a booklet, "Twentieth Century India," just issued by the Institute of Pacific Relations and the Webster Publishing Company:

> In Canada, more than six per cent of the population was in uniform in World War II. If loyalty to Britain had been equally cultivated in India, how large an army would India have contributed?

The answer is more than 17,820,000.

RICHARD J. WALSH.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson and S. V. B.

SIR: In reading over Mr. Harrison Smith's review of my novel "The Lost Weekend" [*SRL*, Jan. 29], it has just struck me that the careless or hasty reader might have got the erroneous impression that I am the author of "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The opening sentence of the review begins: "Charles Jackson, author of radio plays, the most memorable of which is 'The Devil and Daniel Webster' etc. etc."

It is true that "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is the "most memorable" (indeed, the only memorable one) of my radio plays, but that was because I had one of the best of all American stories to lean on. The story is so well-known and established in the mind of the public that I'm sure Mr. Smith took it for granted that the reader of his review would know, of course, that

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Stephen Vincent Benét was the creator of that great story. I have always felt a little sheepish about claiming any credit for my radio adaptation of the Benét classic, since the original story was so perfect and powerful in itself that it could not but lend its own greatness to even the most indifferent radio treatment. I would hate to slight or pass over the name of Stephen Vincent Benét, one of the few genuine American artists and certainly one of the finest men that ever lived.

CHARLES JACKSON.

New York, N. Y.

French Peasants at War

SIR: You print in *SRL* for February 5, 1944, a reference to "French peasants who, by putting on uniforms, felt themselves free from even the lax code of decency they had observed in civilian life," and who "sank promptly to the lowest levels of degradation and wallowed there contentedly." And to drive the indictment home while appearing to soften it, you print on the same page that "the average French workman, even in uniforms, is not the beast that the average peasant pleases himself by being."

All this to be sure is written by a Ben Ray Redman in a review of a book by a somewhat hysterical Polish war victim about his recent experiences in France. No doubt this Pole, Jean Malaquais, encountered beasts as Ben Ray Redman reports; I have no doubt there were "foul phrases, foul odors and foul gestures." I encountered them myself in one world war and without claiming expertness in scatology or perversion I have heard, smelt and seen all these things in—so to speak—American, British, French, Italian and Portuguese. All armies have latrines, and latrine talk. Caliban is not merely a phenomenon on an island.

But—may I ask what the *SRL* is doing for future friendship among civilized nations by tolerating such a fantastic and foul generalization about one of the most civilized among them?

HORATIO SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

More on Poison Gas

SIR: Have been waiting for some time for somebody to say in print what you did in your editorial of Jan. 22 anent the Poison Gas Boys. I heartily applaud and concur with you and all you said and hope it will do some good.

You may also add to your list of papers the *Denver Post*, which is to my mind helping the war effort just as much as the *illustrious trio* you mentioned.

Why none of the other papers never seem to say anything against those three papers I cannot tell—or perhaps I don't see anything.

Will you please keep up the good work, and in closing believe you have powerfully understated the case in your last paragraph.

HAROLD B. FORDE.

Pueblo, Colo.

SIR: To have Trade Winds, book reviews *and* an editorial like "The Poison Gas Boys"—all in one magazine! How did I ever do without it. By all means renew my subscription.

I heard Colonel McCormick at the Cleveland City Club a week before N. C.'s editorial was published. Please accept my most fervent and admiring thanks. The terrible frustration of being unable to answer him was removed immediately.

As for the Wier Thesaurus—I got back my $4.50 and here is .50 more. Talk about value for one's money!

MRS. LEE G. BAYER.

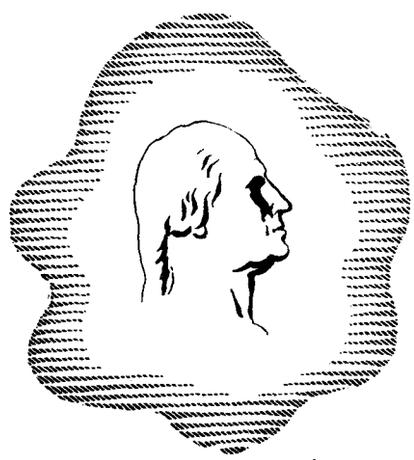
Shaker Heights, Ohio

SIR: This letter I owe for your editorial "The Poison Gas Boys." It is rather amazing that a magazine devoted to the enhancement of one of the liberal arts, should prostitute itself to the position of a tool for an attack upon the main opposition press quite necessary to any liberal government. It is only in your choice of words that you fail to vie with the "radio polecat" of the Lady's Lotion Hour.

While the communicant is in far from complete agreement with the McCormick-Patterson papers, he does give them credit for sustaining a hard-hitting opposition, a loyal opposition if you please, to the disloyal and subversive elements of the Washington Administration.

You accuse them of scorn for many democratic causes, and fail to mention their leadership in championing the rights of Negroes and Senator Brooks who espouses those rights in the Senate.

You say that these papers have shown an almost complete reluctance to say anything unkind in a sustained way about the forces that are now seeking to crush America. Here, you overlook the leadership of the *Tribune* in advocating the hanging of Hirohito, defended by our State Department and Ambassador Grew in an early December release. The contradiction of this nonsense of the peaceful emperor, as well as the duplicity of the State Department, is well covered by Senator Langer, pages 464-469—appendix *Congressional Record*, January 27, 1944. One can but suspect that the sudden release of the atrocity stories January 28, 1944 is an attempt to cover and smother Senator Langer's able and enlightening speech. And now listen to the congressmen and others shouting "Hang the Mikado!"



In your attempt to pin on these papers "a splitting up the United Nations by provoking suspicion in America against her allies and vice-versa," you escape a lot of history. You ignore Russia as a training ground for the German Army to evade Versailles—as mentioned in Sigrid Schultz's new book, and elsewhere. You ignore Stalin's chapter on "Tactics and Strategy" in his "Foundations of Leninism," peddled by the worker's bookshop. You ignore much more that space forbids telling.

You accuse these papers of weakening American morale—by merchandising distrust against our civil and military leaders, and by trafficking in casualty speculation in advance of military operation. Here you traffic directly in falsehood in regard to the latter, for the "break" in casualty speculation in advance of military operation was *"officially administration"*—a 1943 edition of the "Night Before Christmas" *à la* Roosevelt administration for distrust against our civil and military leaders, you overlook the fact that much of it is unwittingly self-promulgated. See the speech of Senator Langer heretofore mentioned, and the fuzzy-mindedness embodied in two contradictory speeches made by the President—one about Sept. 29, 1937 at Bonneville Dam, the other about a week later at Chicago.

Concerning your main theme—the editorial advocating the use of poison gas in the Pacific—your answer is now made in today's *New York Times* news of the week section in the article by Hanson Baldwin, and then you may review some of the writings and talks of Billy Mitchell.

In the interests of fair and honorable journalism you owe the McCormick-Patterson press an apology. Have you the courage born of our free institutions to make it?

CHARLES WILLIAM VORIS.

Milton, Penna.

SIR: In your issue of January 22 an editorial writer becomes very emotional over the possible use of poison gas by our troops in the present war as advocated by the *Washington Times-Herald, The New York Daily News*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. I fully appreciate the pleasure it must have given the writer to find apparently sound humanitarian grounds for his scathing denunciation of McCormick-Hearst policy, but there is an old saying that "a blind hog sometimes finds an acorn" and, therefore, though I will be glad to join in any blanket condemnation of those papers,

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I find I cannot go along in this specific instance.

As a First Army Gas Officer of the A.E.F., World War I, I'm afraid the editorial gave me the impression that its writer knows nothing whatever about Gas Warfare. Remember that the first use of gunpowder was bitterly denounced as inhuman, which, of course, it is. But then, name me just one pretty little humane weapon used in war today—or any other day, for that matter. Once a war is undertaken it must be pursued with whatever accepted weapon best serves sound strategic purpose. British, French, and Americans used toxic gases in the First World War and may at any time find it wise to use them again. I have it on the authority of Brig. Gen. Alden Waitt that the Japanese have already used gas several hundred times against the Chinese in this war.

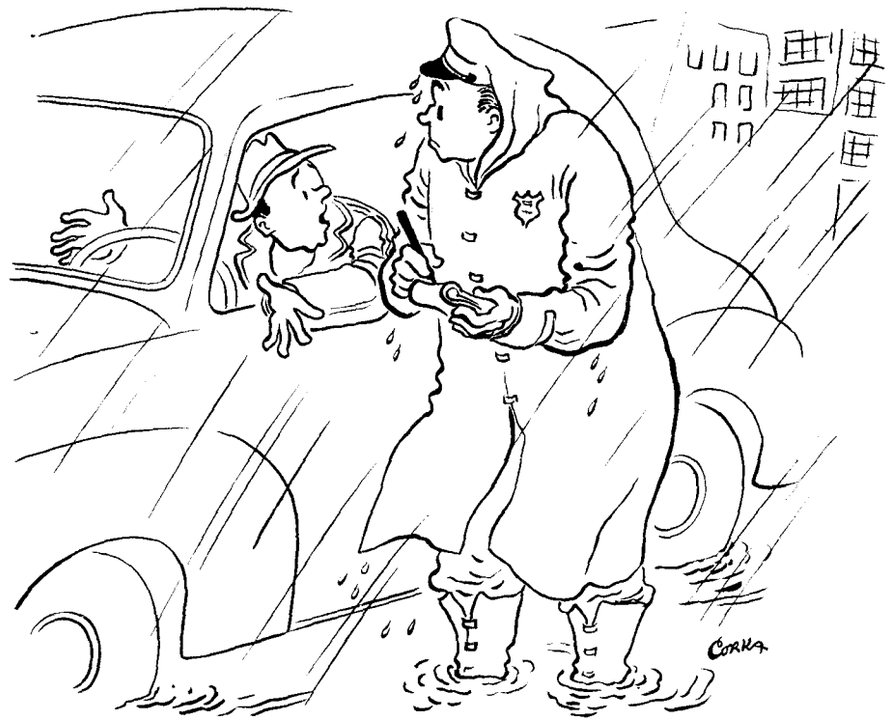
American troops used the flame thrower at Tarawa and it is in general use elsewhere as a means of dislodging enemy forces. Personally I would much prefer to face gas. Is it really preferable to have to blow the enemy to literal bits and then reassemble and bury those scattered bits in the cleaning-up process, instead of using gas which would incapacitate or kill without mutilating?

If you are interested in its comparative inhumanity as a weapon the following statistics published by Col. Harry L. Gilchrist, U.S. Medical Corps, show that in the last World War only 200 gassed cases died on the battlefield, and out of 70,752 hospitalized casualties due to gas, 1721 or 2 per cent died. Out of 187,586 hospitalized casualties due to weapons other than gas, 46,519 or 24 per cent died. These figures show that a gassed casualty has a much better chance for recovery than a casualty resulting from shrapnel, high explosive, etc.

Personally I'm in favor of soaking the Pacific Islands with mustard, lewisite, or any other gas that would shorten the war and save the lives of American troops. But where and when it should be used is a decision I gladly leave to the General Staff. Such a decision is not simple since it must weigh carefully problems of the difficulty of safe transportation of gas shell, its relative effectiveness as compared with high explosive and incendiary bombs, and our ability to protect our troops and civilians against retaliatory measures. Obviously these problems cannot be decided by an editorial writer of either the *Washington Times-Herald,* the *Chicago Tribune* or—forgive me—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*

JAMES H. WALTON,
Formerly Major,
U. S. Engineers, A.E.F.
Madison, Wisc.

SIR: I thank Major Walton for his letter. Presumptuous as it is for a layman to discuss military matters, I should like nevertheless to comment on a few points.



"In times like these you owe it to the city to keep fit, and you won't do so by standing out there in the slush writing summonses."

1. Major Walton raises the argument that what I wrote against poison gas might also be said to apply to the introduction of gunpowder. I agree. Purely as a hypothetical proposition, I am willing to grant that I would have opposed gunpowder when first introduced in warfare. On the other hand, I suppose I would have been in favor of complete preparedness to wage unremitting use of gunpowder were it introduced by the enemy. My position on poison gas is the same. I believe it just as inexcusable to be unprepared to retaliate in the use of poison gas with all the knowledge and facilities at our command as it would be to turn to it first ourselves. The same with bombing of civilians. Had we started such bombing ourselves, I believe that many millions of Americans would have spoken out against it. Once started by the enemy, however, we were justifiably compelled to retaliate and beat him at his own game. Even so, I confess I feel no particular elation whenever we drop our dynamite from the sky over enemy cities, only a grim feeling that it has been forced on us and must be carried on all the way. I am afraid that if I felt otherwise I would believe in destruction as an end in itself which, as I understand it, is not too remote from the Nazi creed.

2. Major Walton's point about the use of gunpowder has another side to it. May I ask him the same question with reference to new horrors of warfare which as yet have not been introduced. Would he advocate, for example, the use of bacteriological warfare, assuming that it serves a strategic purpose?

3. I don't think this is a question of whether it is better to be gassed or wounded; both are horrible enough (although I am sure the Major would agree that laboratory development of chemical warfare since 1918 has been as revolutionary as aviation itself; and that once unleashed, it would make what has happened in the war thus far, bad as it is, seem like a tea party).

4. I know there is a growing tendency to pooh-pooh moral issues in the war, and probably the Major will put me down as a softie; but unless I seriously misinterpret the temper of the American people, I think they would be even more horrified were we to start the use of poison gas than they would be if the enemy did it. And, just so that this entire letter won't appear to be a quibble as to which side jumps first, I think we ought to try to look ahead a bit. What I have in mind is the cynical reaction that will set in after this war and how it will feed upon anything it can grab to prove that there were no rights and wrongs in the war, that both sides were equally to blame, that the charge of barbarism against the enemy for the outrages of Lidice and Hong-Kong and Bataan can be applied just as well to ourselves, that we were just as much at fault in starting the war as Germany and Japan, etc., etc. Mindful of what happened after the last war, when our own cynicism and negativism helped to smooth the way for Nazism, I am not now anxious to pile up moral debts to be renounced and denounced within a few years after the shooting stops.

NORMAN COUSINS.
New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

CESAR escorted the two publishers to their favorite table in the Plaza Oak Room, took their order, and withdrew. After a quick survey of the room, to check on who was lunching with whom, the great men of the literary mart launched upon the following conversation:

"This new paper cut is a blockbuster, isn't it? That fellow West didn't leave out anything this time! What did you think of him the other day, Joe?"

"West doesn't know his—from his —; that's what I think of him. Every one of those blank bureaucrats down in Washington has about twenty lawyers working for him. No wonder they don't leave out anything!"

"Alfred says he's going right ahead with his normal publishing program. If he runs out of paper in August, he says he'll close up shop and take a vacation for the rest of the year."

"He's just sounding off as usual. Dudley is the guy who ought to worry. Unless Yardley can pull another rabbit out of a hat for him. He's been doing it for twenty years."

"No soap, Joe. This new order is airtight. No more using other imprints with a 'distributed by' underneath! I wonder what that text book outfit will do with all its paper this year. Have you ever thought of buying up another company, Joe, to get the use of their quota?"

"Walter, you are a genius. Will you excuse me for a moment while I rush down and buy out Macmillan?"

"Well, there's no use getting huffy, Joe. I'm just exploring every possibility. Maybe things will ease up when that Russian and Swedish pulp starts arriving. Maybe we should be patriotic and take our medicine like men!"

"That's the ticket, Walter. Meanwhile, I'm going down to Washington Wednesday and try to pull a few strings. Not that I expect anything from those blank bureaucrats. Newspaper and magazine publishers get extra paper when they need it, you bet. The lugs we send down there to look after our interests don't seem to know the right people."

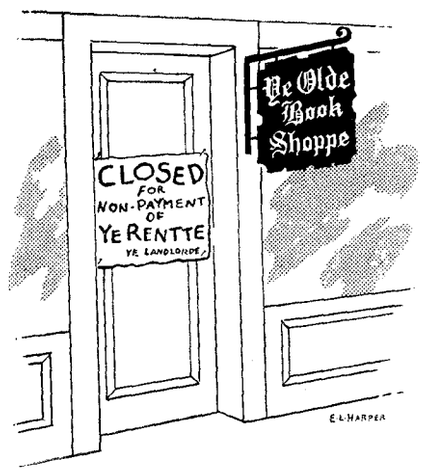
"Would you go on the Washington committee if they asked you, Joe?"

"Who, me? I should say not. I can't get my work done as it is now. This morning they put my head accountant in 1-A. That was all I needed!"

By this time both publishers had ruined their appetites. They dolefully reached for their cocktails and changed the subject to the Lonergan trial. . . .

A GRAPHIC paragraph from Hallett Abend's new book, "My Life in China": "The worst part of a bombing experience is that period of utter paralysis which follows the concussion. For as much as four minutes, if the bomb is a big one, nothing moves except swirling smoke and thick dust, and there is no sound except the continued tinkle of falling broken glass and the rumble of crumbling masonry. After about four minutes the wounded begin to moan and shriek and try to drag themselves away; then come sounds of sirens and ambulances and fire engines; and then the tempo of shocked life picks up with terrifying rapidity." . . . Louis Sobol's London report: Barrett Street runs into Wimpole Street; the city editor of a London paper is the gent who handles the financial page; a little cinema on Baker Street specializes in American-made Sherlock Holmes pictures—for the laughs! . . . Putnam's will publish Robert Wilder's new novel in April. The title is "Mr. G Strings Along." . . . A weird new edition of Hudson's "Far Away and Long Ago" is bound in the unshorn skin of some repellent South American animal. A recipient complained: "I'm not sure whether I'm supposed to read this book or wear it!" . . .

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS provided a group of friends recently with a succulent feast of canvasback duck and wild rice. Neil MacNeil, of *The Times*, felt called upon to explain how wild rice was first introduced into America. It seems that the grain was developed accidentally in the Pontine marshes in Italy; when the local authorities became aware of its delicious taste and nutritive value, they slapped a complete embargo on its exportation. Thomas Jefferson was our Minister to France at the time. He was taken on a tour of the Italian marsh region,



and, as he ambled along, cannily plucked off heads of the grain and pocketed them. Back in America, he pondered on the best place to plant his prized grains, and settled on the marshy shoreline of the Carolinas. The wild rice flourished there, and was the original lure for the myriad of wild duck and other fowl that have migrated to those parts ever since. A Manhattan jurist remarked that this was just one more blessing we could credit to the Democrats. . . . I was dining with Max Schuster one evening when he broke a tooth on a grain of wild rice. His rueful comment was, "I've seen wild rice in my time, but this is certainly the wildest yet!" . . .

BROADWAY'S newest smash hit, "Mexican Hayride," is a perfect example of both the virtues and the weaknesses of the typical lavish musical extravaganza of our time. The virtues include riotously colorful costumes, a slick, smooth production, beautiful girls, and a huge cast of attractive performers, headed by my nomination for the funniest man in America, Bobby Clark. Clark has a ten-minute interlude as a wandering Mexican flute player that had a sophisticated first-night audience holding its sides with laughter. The weaknesses are an almost unbelievable lack of originality and imagination in both the book and the score. "Mexican Hayride" obviously was not written; it was constructed to order, and built on a well-tested plan. The producer of a big musical today does not wait until some likely property—or even the germ of an idea—is offered to him. He amasses his bankroll ("Hayride" is reputed to have cost $225,000) and actually signs up principals before he knows what his show is going to be about. Then he persuades some outstandingly successful writers, gagmen, and tunesters to closet themselves in a hotel suite somewhere and patch something together on which he can hang the talent and specialties he has assembled.

The book of "Mexican Hayride" is witless and inane, with whole pieces of business lifted from "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and the old Columbia burlesque wheel. Cole Porter, also obviously writing to order, contributed a pedestrian, uninspired score—a palpable rewrite of tunes and lyrics that he did infinitely better in years gone by. His "Abracadabra" number stems directly from "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"; "Count Your Blessings" is an unblushing blueprint of similar numbers in "Panama Hattie" and "Something for the Boys"; the hit song, "I Love You," is so similar to a half dozen earlier Porter mel-

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"It's that trio—they want to be billed as 'John Charles Thomas.'"

odies that one could believe he was deliberately parodying himself. One lyric about "a boy whale and a girl whale" is really embarrassing. Rodgers, Kern, and Berlin get better and better, but Lordy, what has happened to Cole Porter! . . . The critics have become so accustomed to inane librettos in the big musicals that they now accept them as a matter of course. As for the public—try and get tickets for any of the current musical comedy exhibits! The best orchestra seats for "Mexican Hayride" have been marked up to $5.50, but even that price doesn't mean a thing. Speculators are getting up to ten and twelve dollars a seat for this show, "Oklahoma," "Carmen Jones," and "One Touch of Venus." . . . Jack Kapp, canny head of Decca Records, notes a definite trend away from the highly sophisticated, double-entendrish lyrics of the Cole Porter-Lorenz Hart vintage toward the simpler, more universal rhymes that are typified by Oscar Hammerstein's lyrics for "Oklahoma." Kapp says Broadway producers will find this out as soon as the current bonanza spends itself. While it's on, literally anything goes. The current phenomenon in sheet-music circles, for instance, is that Wordsworthian ballad, "Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats." It has sold something like 600,000 copies in three weeks, and is heard oftener on the radio than static. . . .

HAMMERSTEIN, who authored "Carmen Jones" as well as "Oklahoma," is enjoying the greatest season he ever has known. In his "ad" for the anniversary number of *Variety,* however, he playfully listed five colossal flops for which he had written the book and lyrics, with a tag at the bottom reading, "I've done it before and I can do it again!" Oscar forgot to mention his very first play, a little number called "The Light." He was a senior at Columbia at the time. Our fraternity was very proud of him, and dispatched a scout to New Haven to report on the tryout. His telegram arrived about midnight. It read, "'The Light' will never illuminate Broadway." He was right, too. . . . "Oklahoma" will be published next month in book form. So will "The Voice of the Turtle" and "Over Twenty-One." . . .

VAN CARTMELL, associate editor of Doubleday, Doran and editor-in-chief of the Garden City reprint line, will spend two months of the year in the Pacific Coast area hereafter, lining up likely properties for the Doubleday line. He is in San Francisco now, and will be in Hollywood on March 6. Cartmell has been with Doubleday for ten years, during which time he has compiled an enviable record as editor, anthologist, and diplomat. No mean actor into the bargain, Van will fit into the Hollywood scene like Humphrey Bogart, whom he vaguely resembles. . . . Which brings to mind a story about a housewife who asked a little grocery boy his name. "Humphrey," answered the boy, and added that the last name was Bogart. "Humphrey Bogart, eh?" said the housewife. "That's a pretty well known name." "It darn well ought to be," the boy agreed. "I've been delivering groceries in this neighborhood for four years!"

BENNETT CERF.

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—RICHARD L. SIMON, Saturday Review of Literature.

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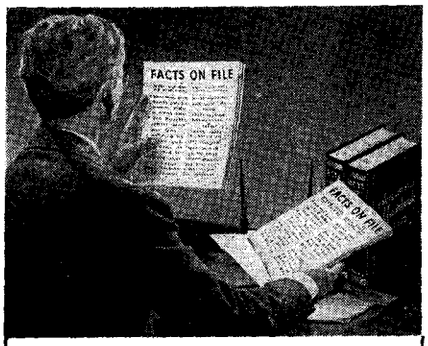

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The Story of Matthew Flinders

MY LOVE MUST WAIT. By Ernestine Hill. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 410 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MRS. HILL'S book is a life of Matthew Flinders, the English explorer who did more than any other individual to trace and chart the coast line of Australia, in the form of a novel. Flinders died in 1814 at the age of forty, but his short life was crowded with adventure and spiced by romance. He sailed with William Bligh on his second and successful voyage to carry the breadfruit tree from Tahiti to the West Indies, he went out to Australia with Captain Hunter, the second governor, fought the French off Brest, returned to Australia to carry out his major explorations, spent over six years a captive of the French at Isle de France (Mauritius we call it today) and, when released, spent his few remaining years in poverty in London writing his classic report, "A Voyage to Terra Australis," the first bound copy of which reached his home the day before he died, but being already unconscious, he did not see it. Between his first and second trips to Australia he married, but was separated from his wife far longer than he was with her. She lived on until 1852. His only child, Ann, born in 1812, married William Petrie and became the mother of W. M. Flinders Petrie, the famous Egyptologist.

A straight biography of Flinders makes a great and thrilling story. It is a "life" that really needs no bush. But Mrs. Hill has cast her study as a novel, and so it must be judged.

In the February *Atlantic* Hervey Allen has an ingenious and, in general, sound apology and rationale for the historical novel which I hope is widely read in these days when the genre is flourishing. But in my opinion Mr. Allen's reasoning does not apply to a fictionized biography which, I am afraid, appeals to me as almost exactly what Mr. Allen says the historical novel is not: "A kind of mule-like animal begotten by the ass of fiction of the brood mare of fact, and hence a sterile monster." For by choosing an actual figure of the past, about whom the essential facts can be ascertained fairly readily, the novelist cramps himself in just the fashion that Mr. Allen argues he should not. Mrs. Hill asserts in a Foreword prepared especially for the American edition—the book first appeared in Australia in 1941—"In no case have I played with history." I have not checked the book in exhaustive detail—that would take too much time—but I know that Mrs. Hill should have qualified her assertion to cover deviations from fact like the first meeting of Flinders and Sir Joseph Banks, the relations between Flinders and Bass before their voyage to Australia together, the circumstances surrounding the finding of the strayed cattle, the so-called Barrington Prologue, and so on, not to mention the allegedly verbatim reports of conversations and the equally constant ascriptions of emotional reactions and mental processes. I suspect that Mrs. Hill was constantly torn between a desire to report the facts scrupulously and an equally powerful desire to write a good novel, to the disadvantage of the finished job.

Yet the trick she essayed can be successfully turned. There lately came from Australia a novel which admirably illustrates how well it can be done, Eleanor Dark's "The Timeless Land." Compare the two books, and ponder why one succeeds and the other is only so-so, and you will, I think, come up with the conclusion that success is granted to the novelist who sees life through a complex temperament and who therefore imparts to his work the very qualities Mr. Allen insists are basic to first-rate historical novels, while yet not distorting the facts to any crippling extent. Mrs. Hill doesn't particularly distort her facts—her lapses from strict historical grace are more annoying than fatal—but she definitely performs on a lower interpretative level than Mrs. Dark.

I'm afraid I'm making Mrs. Hill's book carry a heavy freight of comment, but running through it two years after my first reading, at a time when Mr. Allen's essay was fresh in mind, is my provocation. Perhaps I should ask Mrs. Hill's pardon for heaping this burden on her book and tell the reader the reaction of an Australian lady of taste. "I thoroughly enjoyed the book," she said. "In school Flinders was merely a name in a dull history book and the country he saw a succession of meaningless placenames. Now he is a living man and the country real." But I still think a good straight biography would have accomplished the same end and have been vastly preferable, even if it was merely a modernization of Sir Ernest Scott's monumental "Life of Matthew Flinders" (1914), which Mrs. Hill truly calls "a storehouse of information."

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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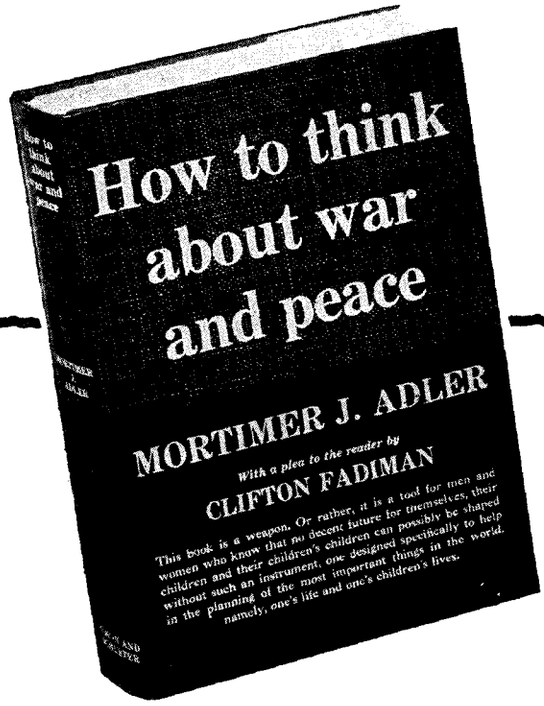
How to think about war and peace
MORTIMER J. ADLER
With a plea to the reader by
CLIFTON FADIMAN
This book is a weapon. Or rather, it is a tool for men and women who know that no decent future for themselves, their children and their children's children can possibly be shaped without such an instrument, one designed specifically to help in the planning of the most important things in the world, namely, one's life and one's children's lives.

The new book by the author of "How to Read a Book"

HOW TO THINK ABOUT WAR AND PEACE, by Mortimer J. Adler, does not reveal which peace plan is good and which is bad, or precisely what should be done at the peace conference. Rather, it is an attempt to help the reader clarify his own thinking about the questions every sober, free man and woman must face in the modern world. In the very first chapter, these questions are outlined:

1. Will there be a world war after this one?
2. If so, will it occur in my lifetime, or in the lifetime of my children and grandchildren?
3. If there is to be another world war, what can we do to postpone it as long as possible?
4. Will there ever be peace on earth —not just a breathing spell between wars—but lasting peace?
5. If so, will it come in my lifetime, in my grandchildren's, or centuries from now?
6. If there is any probability of perpetual peace, what can we do to hasten its coming?

These are the questions the answers to which will determine the major course of our lives and the lives of those to come after us. If you are not interested in them, then this book is not for you.

CLIFTON FADIMAN SAYS: *"This book is not like any you have ever read. It is a real thing, like a lathe, like a wrench, like a vise. Like them it is a tool. But it is a tool to think with—and for use on the most important job there is, your survival and the survival of your family."* Price $2.50

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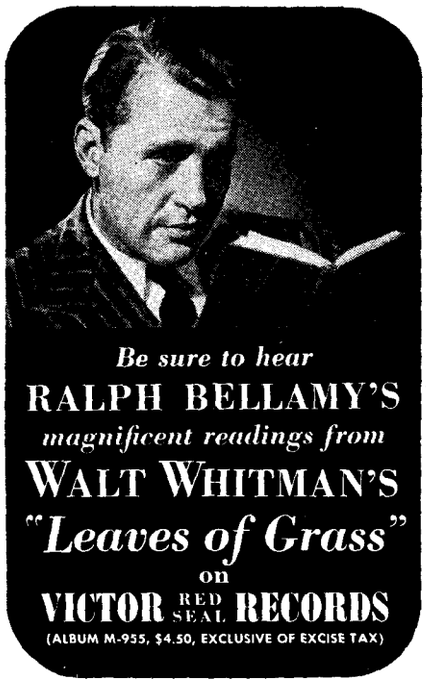
William Rose Benét says:

"Ralph Bellamy has done a genuine service not only to American letters but to the American people in giving a new type of permanence to certain poems of our greatest poet, Walt Whitman, through Victor Records. To my mind this is one of the finest artistic and educational contributions that has for many years been made in recordings."

Henry Seidel Canby says:

"I listened to Mr. Bellamy's recordings of the Whitman poems with very great pleasure and interest. He has done really an extraordinary thing. Whitman was inclined to rant, but did it well; most reciters of Whitman rant and do it badly. Mr. Bellamy seems to me to have kept the eloquence and the fervor without turning it into oratory. I liked his voice, I liked his interpretation, and I think you have an excellent set of records. Particularly good is the passage about the animals, which he did precisely as Whitman would have done."



Dorothy Parker says:

"Ralph Bellamy's recordings of Walt Whitman's poems seem to me, in a word, great—and that is not a word to fling about carelessly. The rolling lines, the mighty thoughts, kindle the blood and startle the spine—so sharply, so violently, are they of today and of tomorrow. Certainly, I thought I knew Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' Certainly, I thought I knew what Whitman believed and said. But you find that this is the kind of knowledge that lies in the back of your mind—until you hear a fine American, a man of simplicity and dignity, read with faith and understanding those words which mean all that America means."

A Harvest of Mahogany

MAHOGANY. By Alfredo Segre. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1944. 286 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

ON the evidence of this novel Alfredo Segre appears to be a first-rate writer. He has a most fine and sensitive apprehension of sensibilities and states of mind, of mental climates, and he is able to communicate these alive and warm and wriggling, at first hand, almost as though there were no translating medium. This is a universal attribute of the other arts at their best, and that is why it is that often, in these pages, we seem to be standing before a canvas rich in impressionist color, or to be hearing an equally rich splashing of impressionist music. Seurat or Debussy, Segre is of their school. The notable thing about his novel of Africa is the way in which he employs the scene at every possible level, and in many dimensions. Africa is not merely the background. It is the foreground too, and the plot. It is a time and circumstance, as well as a place. Africa is the mood of the book, it fills the human actors with whatever they have for heart and motive power, and it is their mind. When they think, and as they speak, we are reminded again of the definition of dramatis personae, characters as masks, through which something more powerful sounds.

In these terms Francisco Silva assumes his true significance, as do the others, but Silva most of all. He and another white man, Calles, have been living for years in the jungle on the coast of French West Africa, nursing a mahogany plantation, getting the rich harvest of logs cut at the right time and transported to the key city of Lahou for sale. In figures, that means a half million francs for Silva, and it means a ticket of escape back to Europe and luxury, to baths and sheets and sleep and women, to all the rewards he has earned in years of sweat, desiccation, germs, desperate boredom, and the mad worshipping of an old clipping of Dietrich's legs, pinned to the wall. Silva carries all of this with him on his trek to the coast city. The years of accumulated passions and wantings enervate him like a raging fever and he comes in at last to make his reckonings as mad as a man possessed. He is violent. He cannot control himself or talk decently with the man who is to buy his mahogany. He hates the buyer, the mahogany, money, the city, suddenly he hates the future more than he does the past. He lays about him in a berserk rage. It is clear that Silva can no longer live in the cool world outside the jungle. That heat has entered him and become his natural element. He is as different from the other men as would be a jungle creature come out into the light. There is a fatal direction in his madness, as he flings himself about, loses his money, destroys every possibility, but one, to return to the mahogany jungle.

This summary of mood and action only suggests what Segre has done with his material. There remains the feel of the heavy African atmosphere upon the skin, and through that to the secret nerves, and the coursing of the African river through the mind at its own sluggish pace. There are the African boys, and the white men who cling to the coast cities, all of them echoing in one way or another, in sloth or nervousness or heat or fury or wickedness, the many aspects of a living continent that has entered into them and uses them all. This is personification of a high order, and will provide the reader with a variety of experience keener than the vicarious book may be expected to offer.

—*Fred Stein*

Alfredo Segre

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 516)

T. ROOSEVELT:
LETTER TO ARCHIE
(WHITE HOUSE, SEPT. 28, 1907)

As Quentin and his three snakes put in my lap were an interruption to my interview with the Department of Justice, I suggested he go into the next room where four Congressmen were drearily waiting until I should be at leisure.

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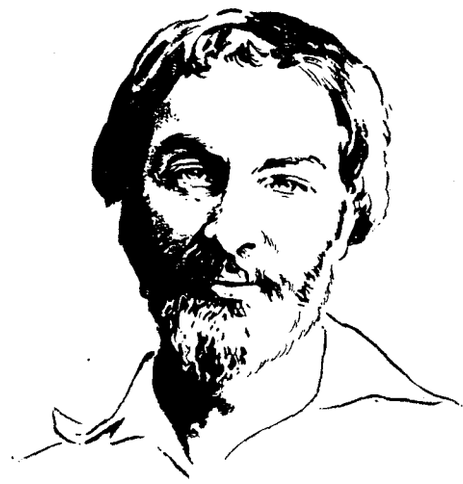
Walt Whitman



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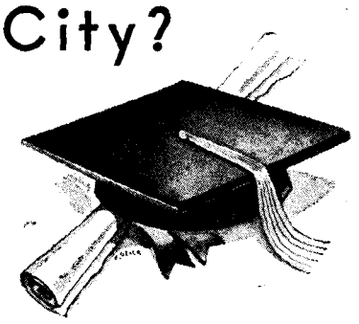
Which is America's Best Educated City?



IN Washington, D. C., 12% of the adult population has a college degree—compared with New York's 6%, Boston's 5%, Philadelphia's 4%. And 42% of all Washingtonians are high school graduates, compared with 31% of Bostonians, 22% of New Yorkers, 19% of Philadelphians.

Better educated, working principally in white collar jobs, Washingtonians naturally buy more books. Government figures show that Washington is 3rd among all major cities in per capita book store sales, while New York is only 5th.

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The Washington Post

Eugene Meyer, Editor & Publisher

En Route to Americanism

WITH A DUTCH ACCENT. By David Cornel De Jong. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 306 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS skilfully told story of the boyhood of a Dutch-American deserves an honorable position alongside the autobiographies or thinly disguised autobiographical fiction of such adopted sons of America as Rölvaag, Lewisohn, Adamic, and McFee. Such books offer invaluable aid in our attempts to see ourselves as we are, for their foreign "accent" lends fresh perspective and objectivity. Unless frivolously romantic these personal narratives have often a fascinating central theme: the proper fusing of the best of the fatherland's native cultural heritage with the new loyalties and concepts we group together vaguely but proudly as *Americanism*. This amalgamation is rarely easy, and the imperfect results are not altogether the fault of the immigrant, who often finds the process of Americanization a discouraging battle against the indifference, ignorance, suspicion, contempt, and arrogance of the native-born Americans.

De Jong's account of his first difficult steps from one hundred per cent Dutch to fifty per cent American makes "With a Dutch Accent" a notable autobiography. There is none of the easy romance of the Franklin-Alger pattern; in fact life for the De Jongs in America was far more painful than in Holland, and only at the very end of the book are there signs that they might some day be able to achieve the ease, comfort, and dignity they enjoyed in the fairly prosperous, slumless Dutch village they chose to leave. The author is aware of his somewhat unreasonable emphasis on the unpleasant.

> At twelve I wanted to go to America, almost desperately. Yet, I loved Holland, and especially our old town. Now I've come to love America with a stronger love, respect, and faith than I ever had for Holland. The old country has become largely a matter of somewhat nostalgic memories, sentimental attachments, and perhaps just a few vague stirrings of conscious historical pride . . . the growth of this love [for America] is impossible to trace accurately. It took so many years and still goes on. But my readjustments, especially in the beginning were often extremely painful. Too often I can remember only the pain.

The book divides itself naturally in two parts—the first thirteen years in Holland, and the following three years in Michigan. Each section is excellent in its way, the first for its sharp impressionism (here the author is obviously more interested in truth than inert fact and uses his poet's and novelist's imagination when memory has thinned); the second for its realistic detail, and the moving study of a sensitive boy who is thrust at one time into a drastically new and bleak environment and into the malaise of adolescence.

De Jong is a poet and painter as well as a writer, and in the Holland section he is not content just to describe the Dutch scene: he paints it and invests it with authentic beauty, not with the picturesque, inconsequential trappings of Dutch life that serve as tourist bait. There is a pictorial grace to his pictures—the symmetrical houses and streets, the geometrically precise fields crisscrossed by canals, the long, weaving lines of expert skaters, the walkers and cyclists moving across the dykes in sharp outline, or the maenadic fishwives (who have little of the traditional Dutch phlegm) standing on the dykes, looking anxiously towards the sea, their black skirts flapping in the wind. How much of Part One is actual remembrance of things past, how much the result of much listening and reading doesn't matter; we are persuaded that the picture is essentially true. Certainly the dialogue is largely invented, and the fact that the European war of 1914-18 (when De Jong was nine to thirteen years old) is never once mentioned suggests at least an incomplete retention of boyhood memories. But everything else is here—family portraits, domestic customs, the extravagant piety of the burghers, the strange etiquette surrounding funerals and courtship, etc.

Exactly why the De Jongs migrated in 1918 is not clear, just when neutral Holland was prospering from the war. At any rate the Dutch-American community in Michigan proved a bitter disappointment, and the newcomers were forced down into a mean, graceless existence and social ostracism. The author provides two villains in the sordid drama of their new life: the older Dutch residents of Grand Rapids, who were crudely inhospitable and contemptuous of the later immigrants; and the Dutch Reformed Church, a focal point of reaction and bigotry, promoting among the newcomers fantastic conceptions of American depravity and godlessness. At the end of the book the sixteen-year old boy is just breaking through the walls of bigotry and prejudice carefully built about him by family, racial, and religious intolerances.

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Ex-Confederates

LOOK AWAY, LOOK AWAY. By Leslie Turner White. New York: Random House. 1943. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

WHEN the Confederate Government cracked up in April, 1865, many of the irreconcilables felt that the United States was no longer a fit place to live. The leaders scurried south and fled overseas, and then for several years afterward less conspicious Southerners followed their example and left the country to settle in Europe, Mexico, and South America.

Paul Wellman, in his "Angel with Spurs," treated the flight of a Confederate army to Mexico where the battle-hardened veterans hoped to find a place for themselves under the Maximilian regime. "Look Away, Look Away" deals with the attempt to establish a colony of ex-Confederates in Brazil. It is based on a little-known and potentially fascinating episode in American history, but like so many historical novels of recent years, it adheres to a long-familiar formula in which romantic clichés are hauled out and used for the hundredth time. There are the usual characters—a good-hearted old woman who owns an ancient river boat, a hoydenish but true-hearted young heroine, and a stout-hearted hero of mail-order brand. And there are, of course, the customary storms, quarrels, hangings, shootings, and love affairs which are the standard equipment of every streamlined historical novel. It is a pity, too, for something good could be done in fiction on the dispersion of the Confederates after the war.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

4. Carroll: "Jabberwocky."
5. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."
16. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat."
12. Hunt: "Jenny Kiss'd Me."
2. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale."
7. Kipling: "The Ladies."
17. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat."
20. Longfellow: "Paul Revere's Ride."
8. Lowell: "Patterns."
19. Milton: "Lycidas."
15. Poe: "Annabel Lee."
3. Scott: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."
1. Shakespeare: "Sonnet XXX."
9. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind."
11. Smith: "America."
18. Southey: "The Battle of Blenheim."
14. Suckling: "Why So Pale and Wan?"
10. Tennyson: "Sir Galahad."
6. Whittier: "Maud Muller."
13. Wordsworth: "I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud."

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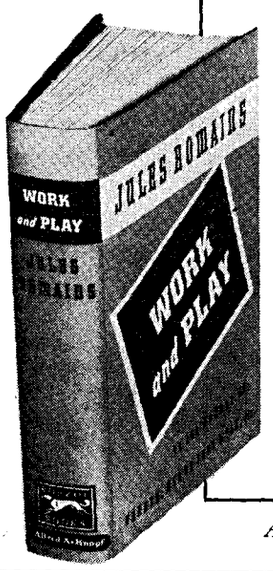

The period of this volume—the eleventh in the great "Men of Good Will" series—is the mid 1920's. Outwardly Europe is quiet and men have returned to the normal and prosaic ways of the past. We find, for example, Jerphanion making an election campaign for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and coincidentally we are intrigued by a tale he hears of the mysterious murders of two members of a family living on a remote farm in that election district. We find Haverkamp, formerly a real-estate promoter and war profiteer, involved now in giant speculations, and coincidentally in a rather involved attempt to obtain a divorce. But there is more than this. Inwardly Europe is beginning to seethe again. The two principal characters of the novel are increasingly disturbed by the subtle signs of an imminent second World War, and they have begun to think of the urgency of action.

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HARRIET VAN HORNE

SOME day a rich, handsome, strong-minded young man who left Yale in his junior year to start working up from the bottom in his father's glue factory, is going to stumble upon a beautiful, brave girl from the wrong side of the tracks and just leave her there.

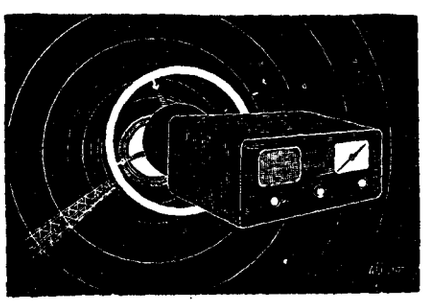
In putting this brisk switch to an old sway-back plot, our young man will hitch winged steeds to a broken-down rig that has been stoned and jeered at from every corner. In short, he will establish a new vogue in the daytime serial, and possibly strike up the overture to a whole new era in radio.

For when a thoughtful critic of radio—or even a casual listener—sits down to ponder the question as to what is wrong with broadcasting, it is inevitable that he come up with the soap opera number one on the No-hit Parade.

Radio's other ailments, which I shall enumerate later, range from too much hearty talk early in the morning to too much brassy music late at night.

Adding up the symptoms, it will be seen that radio suffers chiefly from growing pains and greediness. And right now it has somewhat the tremulous stance of Longfellow's Maiden: standing with reluctant feet where art and commercialism meet.

There are hopeful signs, however, that these two streams are not altogether divergent. They may yet go over the dam together. But not until certain fundamental changes take place in the attitude of our broadcasters. Not until the myth of the 12-year-old mind—the notion, that is, that most listeners are little better than half-wits and are happy that way—is banished forever. Not until radio's faith in the almighty dollar is replaced by a faith in the intelligence and integrity of the people. For then, and only then, will the soap opera go down the drain, its kindred refuse streaking after it.



Reasons for the soap opera's bad name are fairly obvious. For one thing these sessions of tears and travail glut the ether a good four hours a day on the major networks. A few of the so-called "better serials" have been promoted to the evening listings in recent years, filling a 30-minute spot once a week, instead of running on, ad nauseum, Monday through Friday. The "more intelligent" audience these modern penny-dreadfuls are supposed to reach so far has greeted them with a decidedly restrained rapture.

Dr. Louis I. Berg, the psychiatrist, who is the most objective and the most vocal enemy of the daytime serial, has made detailed studies of such programs as Young Dr. Malone, Joyce Jordan and Stella Dallas. Maurice Zolotow, reporting on the good doctor's findings last year in *The Saturday Evening Post*, said that these stories of jealousy, adultery, maudlin sentiment and "rankling hatred" are capable of causing nervous breakdown in women who listen regularly. For habitual tuners-in, like hashish smokers, are likely to experience "increased blood pressure, nocturnal frights, vasomotor instability, vertigo, gastro-intestinal disturbances, not to speak of profuse perspiration, tremors and a slight touch of tachycardia," Dr. Berg has found.

Those who share the hope of Norwin Corwin (perhaps radio's most brilliant writer) that the soap opera one day will become as obsolescent as the old-time movie serial, may justly ask. Why are these programs allowed to continue at all? And just who, please, listens to them? And again, why?

The cliff-hangers, like the poor, are with us because they are helping somebody to get rich. In this instance, it is the sponsor, who sells more soap. And of course, the networks, which seldom turn down a dollar, and make small pretense to a cultural conscience.

One third of the networks' total revenue comes from the $25,000,000 spent each year by the serial sponsors. The National Broadcasting Company carries 23 soap operas, and Columbia 21. These absorb about two thirds of the daylight time. And only

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two of them have the slightest merit. One is "The Open Door," Sandra Michael's simple, moving story of a college dean and his wholesome, high-minded approach to the problems of young folk in wartime. This is heard at 10:30 a. m. weekdays over CBS. The other serial, and it runs a tired second, is Vic and Sade, heard on both networks a few hours apart. Its literary quality is negligible, but it is forthright and honest, with occasional spots of real humor. Alec Templeton, blind pianist and mimic, who finds the daytime serials every bit as funny as the evening comedy shows, listens to Vic and Sade on both networks. He says it is his favorite program.

As for the other 42 serials, Dr. Berg was not jesting when he observed that the authors "have screened the emotional sewers, drained the emotional swamps" for much of their material.

Who listens to them, then? Well, it is a common saying among radio executives and agency time buyers that nobody likes the soap opera except 20 million women.

But isn't it just possible—though it's never been whispered in executive circles—that the daytime schedule is so surfeited with the hysterical outpourings of half-witted heroines and their feeble-minded lovers that 20 million people develop the listening habit automatically, somewhat as one does in Nazi Germany? There is nothing else to turn to.

The women's chatter programs offer little that is inspirational or entertaining. And the steady stream of records on most small stations—records that are growing scratchier every day that the Petrillo edict continues—punctuated by commercials that would make a saint spit certainly afford little alternate listening.

Perhaps radio's tycoons expect critical listeners to bear with the soap opera as part of the industry's labor pains, a necessary evil to the birth of a better radio in the bright new world of tomorrow. But a medium of sufficient maturity to produce the Columbia Workshop dramas and "Information Please," an industry with sufficient acumen to recognize the worth of Town Meeting of the Air and Chicago Round Table (both non-commercial) surely ought not to stoop to "The Right to Happiness" and "Life Can Be Beautiful."

Of course, it is to radio's credit that it does continue Town Meeting and the Round Table on a sustaining basis. But with advertisers limited in newspaper space and willing to pay almost any price for air time these days, it does seem that the networks might raise their standards, require that commercial shows measure up to certain specific canons in good taste, lit-

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erary and musical quality, and public service.

When radio tries deliberately to educate, it usually is pretty dull. It calls in specialists who lecture with all the verve and spontaneity of a fish belching bubbles. The success of a program like the highly controversial Town Meeting—which probably will be sponsored this year—has failed so far to point a moral.

Here is education, yes. But here, too, is exciting entertainment, food for thought. No casual dialer could tune in three minutes of some of these heated sessions—such as the debate on the fourth term—and not find it compelling listening.

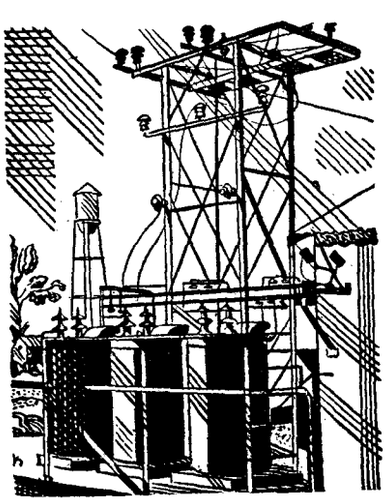
IF there is any hope of radio one day occupying its rightful niche in our political, social, and artistic life, it must begin now, gently and good-naturedly, to lift the level of the average taste. In the extended democracy and the expanded economy promised us after the war, radio is going to find itself with new and serious responsibilities. And it is going to have to deal with ideas, like it or not. It might as well begin now to think!

Tell a radio man these things, and he'll nod assent—adding only, "But is it commercial?"

Last year the answer would have been "no," a sad and ashamed "no" that would have ended the argument. Today there are hopeful signs that the industry is trying its wings in a proud new flight: as patron of the arts. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has acquired a sponsor and for a 90-minute program, which makes it the more remarkable. And the NBC Symphony, for the first time in its distinguished history, joined the commercial ranks last year.

Maxwell Anderson has said that no nation is truly a nation until it has a culture which "deserves and receives affection and reverence from the people themselves." Here is shining proof that radio can shoulder its responsibility in the flowering of an American culture—and still show a profit, which, after all, is clearly its primary raison d'être.

The renaissance of good music in the past ten years is attributed largely to radio. Record sales have risen 400 per cent in this period, attendance at concerts has climbed steadily, and across the country, schools and colleges have evinced a new and active interest in music. Morton Gould, one of our most talented young composer-conductors, says this fact has impressed him deeply on his visits to the hinterlands. "The whole town turns out for a concert," he reports. "And the whole town buys the instruments and music for the local band."



Dr. Frank Black, music director for NBC, declares that in two decades radio has saved opera, concerts, and the symphonic organizations of this country. "Had radio not come to the rescue," he writes in *Variety's* anniversary issue, "it is dubious that any of these industries would survive today and good music, as such, would be facing extinction."

Today we have more than 30 operatic companies in this country, Dr. Black continues. Twenty years ago we had four, and none of them was over-prosperous. But radio has made the nation opera-conscious. This consciousness first was felt on Dec. 25, 1931, when a performance of "Hansel and Gretel" was broadcast from the stage of the Met. Broadcasts have continued to this day, and draw an enthusiastic audience.

Moreover, continual repetition on the radio of Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, and others has made their music dearly familiar to a surprising number of people. People who might never have listened to good music in all their lives were it not for radio.

Perhaps radio's influence in promoting good books never will be weighty, though a few programs on the air at present ("Invitation to Learning" and "Words at War") aim in that general direction. But there is no reason at all why radio cannot develop a dramatic literature of its own.

Possibilities in the field of opera and musical comedy, written especially for radio, are almost too exciting to contemplate. The promises of television, which will be a practical reality within a year after peace time production is resumed, should attract the brightest literary and musical talent in the country. The very fact that radio is able to give a special dignity to the spoken word should inspire some great writing, both prose and verse, in the next decade.

In a recent issue of *Variety* dedicated to radio, Norman Corwin expressed the hope that the nation someday might weary of the gag marathon that constitutes today's comedy. Perhaps then, he said, we shall realize that the richest humor in the world has not yet been tapped. Mr. Corwin had in mind "the highly civilized comedy of Lardner, Thackeray, Voltaire, and humor in the vein of *Punch* and *The New Yorker*." Perhaps if we grow to this attainment, he remarked, we shall no longer require a studio audience, bludgeoned into good humor by a elaborate prologue of high-jinks and

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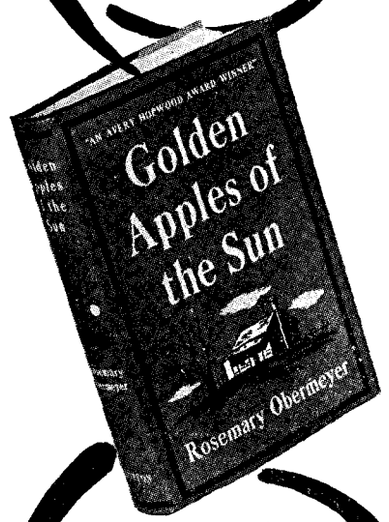

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burlesque comedy, to roar and applaud each quip, be it funny or sad.

The increasing number of programs that do require audiences is proof that radio is outgrowing itself. The medium is being strained. We are more than ripe for television, and more's the pity that the war has delayed its coming.

Perhaps it will take television, too, finally to knot the death noose around the neck of the daytime serial. It is enough to hear these outpourings of unrequited love, domestic upheaval, treachery, dishonor, mayhem and God knows what else, but can you imagine "seeing" them?

IN reviewing its accomplishments of the past year, radio cannot attach too much importance to one fact. It finally got that cigaret wrapper off to war. (And one of the Broadway wags was musing only the other day, "D'ya suppose Lucky Strike Green has finished his basic training yet?")

That done, radio now might turn its attention to eliminating certain other ugly plugs that mar the little minutes between programs. It has been said time and again that radio is selling its birthright for a mess of spot announcements. True, these help to pay the rent at the small stations, but for the opulent networks to air these abominations, for a few coins even occasionally, cannot be forgiven.

Since commercials are a necessary evil if radio is to continue at all, we see no reason why they cannot be trimmed, sponged (or, in some cases, scrubbed), dusted lightly with humor, and served up with a crisp sprig of common sense—all as an integral part of the program's continuity. We should like also to see the end, once and for all time, of the fear technique in radio advertising: Do you need money? Are you going to have a warm coat next winter? Do you suffer from backache, neuralgia, rheumatism? Surely this scare-'em-and-sell-'em method has lost its impact by now, in view of the deeper and more immediate fears besetting listeners.

If radio wants to grow up, it is imperative that it rid itself of the endless transcribed playlets, featuring gravel-voiced actors who grunt and groan, simulating all the ills you'll fall heir to if you don't buy this or that nostrum, along with the jingle singers who mostly jangle. All, every last one, should be relegated to the same sunny limbo as the Cherry Sisters; to the Elysian Fields where the tall corn grows.

Some advertisers, radio also must hang its head to confess, have taken shameful advantage of the war. "If you are patriotic you will buy a war fur coat now at Moe Minsk's," runs one blurb. Or you will dazzle your war-worker husband with a bright, new lipstick called Patriot Red. Or you will keep fit with "an amazing new combination of magnesia and mineral oil." Or you will bash in your sweet old Auntie's head with a meat axe because Radio, the monster in the house, is driving you raving, roaring, ranting mad!

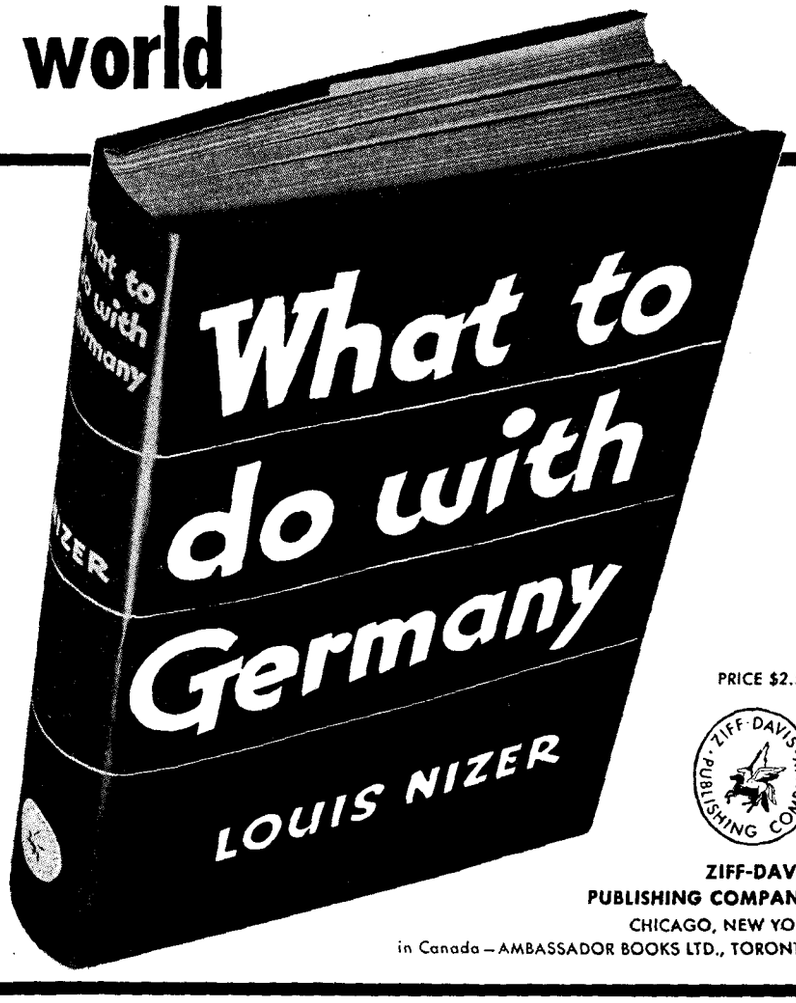
In the pre-Pearl Harbor days, before Eddie Cantor was recruiting WACs, one of the blackest marks against radio was its determined ostrichism. It watched the destruction of Republican Spain, German rearmament and aggrandizement, the increasing violence of anti-Semitism all over the world, dishonorable Munich, and finally, the blitz, refusing steadfastly the while to take sides.

When war finally broke over our unconcerned heads, radio, our most powerful weapon of psychological warfare, was unprepared. For months it floundered in a sea of words, words, words. Its hopes were high, its intentions honorable. But that was not enough. Slowly and sorrowfully radio learned that morale music and plugs for scrap iron drives and dramas about midnight disasters at sea did not, per se, constitute an impetus to victory.

But out of much sound and fury, many blunders and a few bravos, have sprung some splendid war shows. There is no denying that the public has been enlightened, unified, and heartened by radio. Public energy has been directed into channels where it can do the most good. And that's important.

And nobody, no matter what he

A grim forget-me-not for an easy-going world



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thinks of soap operas and low comedy shows and recipe recitals, ever is going to forget the millions and millions and millions raised in radio's war bond drives.

The challenge of wartime living has given radio the courage to face some of our urgent but heretofore "touchy" domestic problems. CBS recently aired a documentary program showing the cause and effect (and the menace to democracy inherent therein) of race riots. Colored and white actors took part in the drama, which was brought to a ringing close with a pungent, forthright talk by Wendell Willkie. It was a bold step. But it will make easier the steps that must follow if radio is to shoulder its dual responsibility: to the arts and to democracy.

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The next five years should see some great developments in international broadcasting. Here the war has hastened rather than retarded a trend that was inevitable from the day the first flash encircled the globe. Daily reports from correspondents overseas, and 'round-the-world talks by President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and King George, are only the beginning, and a small beginning it is, in view of what lies ahead.

A CLEAR hint of things to come is the current Sunday series, Trans-Atlantic Call, sponsored jointly by CBS and the British Broadcasting Company. Interviews from London's Hyde Park one week, over-the-fence talks with Kansas farmers the next, have performed an incalculable service in acquainting the "little peoples" of the two nations with each other's habits, hopes, and beliefs. NBC recently added a similar series, with theatrical stars putting on a well-knit, smartly-paced show from two great nations.

It is not going too far afield to envisage international hookups with the farmers of a dozen nations discussing their common problems. Or the coal miners, or the statesmen, or the housewives.

It may take many years before all the peoples of the world become literates, despite the evangelism of Henry A. Wallace. But at this moment, hundreds of thousands of illiterate Chinese are listening to their village radios. Wherever American troops are quartered you will find both transmitters and receivers. The war is hastening the coming of age of millions of people who will grow increasingly eager, as radio opens new vistas to them, to know what is going on in the world.

The magazine *Common Sense* last summer outlined plans for a station WORLD to be set up after the war. William B. Lloyd, Jr., proposed that "a system be established requiring each country to grant permanent authority for an international commission to establish and operate at least one ordinary broadcast-band station in every broadcast area." He concedes that this might mean a delegation of a part of our national sovereignty, but adds, Why not? "The world would have the right to talk to us, but in return we would gain the right to address the rest of the world."

It must be added that all this talk of global radio is predicated on one thing—world peace and some kind of strong, international government. Otherwise it is easy to see how international radio might be the springboard to another war; a war that would start with mere words.

Yet global radio, if managed properly, might just as easily be the final, glorious step in making this One World.

International forums, international quiz shows, comedy programs, concerts, operas, and debates heard 'round the world, should do more for promoting world peace than all the reciprocal trade treaties ever seen in the dreams of Cordell Hull.

Until two thirds of the citizens of the world cease grinding bayonets and dropping bombs, it will be difficult for most of us to glimpse the vision of Tennyson: "Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue."

But the day will yet come. And radio, if entrusted to kindlier hearts and larger minds, will hasten it.

Help Me, Friend

By Valentine Olsen

PHILOSOPHY decrees that I, in fearing death
Must fail its ultimate.
Yet, how can I deny my fear of all unknown?
Relinquish all the beauty of a winter-gaunted tree,
Or Heaven-bodies sprinkled through the haze of night?
Never more to lose myself in thought,
Nor know myself in laughter?
Never love with selfless love
Or even selfish love?
Forget the shiver in the ice of anger
Lose the fiercest joy of constant battle-living—

No reason in my fear—
My mind will mock at this constriction of the heart.
Of all my fears, this one alone
Is not to be controlled:
Terror seizes at cold emptiness of death.
Help me, friend, to reconcile myself
With loss of everything I may have known.

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The Case Against Ghandi?

INDIA AGAINST THE STORM. By Post Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 350 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

POST WHEELER'S "India Against the Storm" is an odd book. I enjoyed its lush prose and imagery, its literary mechanics in marshalling a vast amount of facts, its vigorous pace. But I was also filled with wonderment, for it is a vitriolic and intemperate book, belying every one of the adjectives bestowed upon it by its blurb writers.

The task Mr. Wheeler has apparently set before him was to destroy India's "case" for independence by attacking Mohandas Gandhi. He wages this attack with fervor and very little subtlety. Gandhi, to Mr. Wheeler, is "a queer little old man in a loincloth and pebble spectacles, a wizened and tooth-lacking gnome of a creature with the aura of a popular sainthood about him." Gandhi is also overbearing, naive, vain, publicity-seeking, and downright psychotic. Mr. Wheeler quotes the statement of a British judge who passed a jail sentence on Gandhi: "In the eyes of millions of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and even saintly life." But behind the quotation, Mr. Wheeler's sneer is ill concealed.

Having demolished Gandhi, Mr. Wheeler proceeds to take apart Gandhi's followers, from Nehru to the students ("crackpot young politicians with bitterness in their souls, the baiters of the street and debaters of the Assembly"). And Mr. Wheeler dismisses India's Nationalists as a thoroughly despicable lot, who have used the Congress "wholly for inflammatory and destructive ends."

Whether by design or chance, Mr. Wheeler, while devoting his attention to blasting Gandhi and his associates, makes no great effort to present their case. Nor, for that matter, does he present Britain's side. By the time he is done with Gandhi, the Nationalists have no case, and Britain therefore need not defend her position.

Mr. Wheeler does make an effort to keep up the pretense of objectivity. But sometimes he fails, and then his statements sound strange and shocking on the lips of an American diplomat: "It was the students that bothered me most"; or, "For my part I would defend the maharajas with my blood;" or (at the sight of a table filled with food at Lord Linlithgow's palace) "a long table that looked so invitingly English after some of our culinary experiences . . . that I almost burst into tears."

But the book is not all a wasted effort. Though his interpretation (to my mind) is warped, Mr. Wheeler has gathered an amazing amount of facts on India's history and leaders which would be useful on any bookshelf. But the reader would do well to flank "India Against the Storm" with such books as Krishnalal Shridharani's "My India, My America," H. N. Brailsford's "Subject India," or Kate Mitchell's "India."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 35

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 35 will be found in the next issue.

CDEFG HDE IJGKL MN IKN

KJG OEPQRSKQC EU LKQN

CDRQPF HDROD GFOKVG

CDEFG HDE IJGKL EQWN MN

QRPDC.—GWGKQEJK.

—GIPKJ VEG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 34

ENGLAND IS THE PARADISE OF INDIVIDUALITY, ECCENTRICITY, HERESY, ANOMALIES, HOBBIES, AND HUMOURS. SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND.

—G. SANTAYANA

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Anatomy of a Visit to China

SHARK'S FINS AND MILLET. By Ilona Ralf Sues. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 331 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

MISS SUES has probably been surprised at the attention attracted so far by this, her first, book. I gather from the picture she gives of her own character in its very readable pages, and from certain remarks that she has been quoted in the press as making, that she is not so much gratified as dismayed, for she does not consider herself a writer. She is not English or American, as she herself has pointed out: she is Polish and she denies that she can write at all. Like many self-critics, however, she has made a mistake in saying this. I daresay that Miss Sues could turn out an equally creditable volume in any one of several languages, for she has that happy knack possessed by many of her compatriots: she is at home in many tongues. We read her for what she has to say, moreover; we do not expect flowery examples of Style. She has a good many things to say, some of them as a person with wit, humor, and enthusiasm, and more as an observer trained by her job in Geneva to look out for the methods and effects of modern government in China. And more yet, according to some angry Chinese whose feelings have been ruffled, as a foreign busybody. . . . For Miss Sues has indeed ruffled a few feelings.

Why this is so is something I shall not attempt to explain. It is necessary to read the book to understand it. I shan't even take sides, either with Miss Sues or the Chinese who resent her interest in their country. There are a few opinions of hers with which mine don't coincide, but because I don't want to embarrass myself or other people who are implicated I shan't list them. Some, of course, I don't mind mentioning. I shall pass over her treatment of General Ho Ying-ch'in without saying how I stand on that subject, although there is no reason why I shouldn't quote one of the Chinese who read the book:—

"She seems to make him the villain-in-chief of the whole play; I wonder why? Of course he isn't perfect, but neither is he responsible for as much that is wrong as she describes. You would think that nobody else had any power, or made any mistakes. I tell you what is the matter with all you foreign people who come and stay in China for a while. You don't know enough. It isn't fair to stay as short a time as she did and then to talk as if she were an expert. Then she goes back and talks to other people who have never been in China at all, and they take what she says, well, naturally, because anyway she knows more than *they* do because they've never been there. You journalists have created a little club between you; you pool your ideas and opinions—no, not your information; I wouldn't mind that so much—and give it out so that it becomes more important than it ought to be in proportion to what you know."

"Have you ever been in the Northwest, even as long as Miss Sues has?" I asked him.

"No." He was quick to see my implication. "And I don't write books about my experiences either," he retorted to what I hadn't said. "Nor would I on that much time, even if I'd had it."

I argued with him that Ralf Sues's chief virtue, to my mind, was just what he was criticizing. She has made no claims of being an expert. She has done an excellent job, not of straight reporting of exterior happenings, but she has reported herself and her reactions to what she saw, as well as describing merely those sights. Why not? My Chinese friend was not clear as he continued his complaint.

"It gives the wrong impression of China," he insisted.

"Then China gave the wrong impression to Miss Sues," I said. "But as a matter of fact, she didn't. Miss Sues loves China."

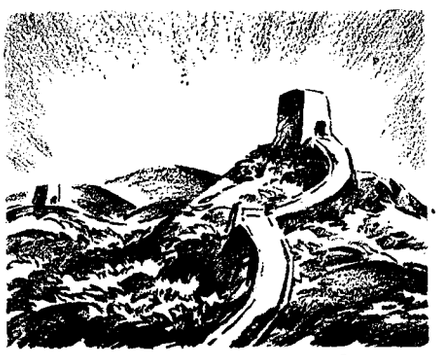
He snorted. "She loves the China of her own mind," he said. "She dreamed up another China, back in Geneva, and spent all her time when she got there being disappointed because it didn't match up."

"No she didn't."

"Yes she did.'

And since the conversation degenerated from then on, there is little point in repeating it further. I have recounted it because it interested me as a sort of generalized comment on the books all of us busybodies have been putting out for the past ten or fifteen years, and also because the usual method of reviewing books by quoting large gobs of them would not be revealing in this case. The interest of "Shark's Fins and Millet" lies in the whole story, the pattern of her trips through China and her friendships and enmities.

For me, too, a great interest lies in her descriptions of some of China's leading figures. I was delighted with much of her portrait of Madame Chiang and it was pleasant to meet again with old friends like Dr. Halpern, who has long deserved the attention and the praise she receives in these pages for the first time. Donald, Miss Sues's hero, is for me another story. Perhaps because he was older when I met him, and had been through a serious illness, he didn't impress me as much as he does her. I cannot agree that so



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much of Madame Chiang's career and, through hers, that of the Generalissimo, depends quite as much on Donald as she believes. He is of course a fascinating person to watch and to listen to; Miss Sues would not deny that he is always putting on an act, in an innocent sort of way. Well, so many of his sayings which she recounts are familiar to me that I have decided all over again, as I did in Chungking when I first met him, that he is a consummate stage-manager who looks upon himself as a kingmaker, and who has certainly lived up to his idea of himself; nevertheless the work of the Chiangs could and would have gone on without him. Neither Miss Sues nor Donald would agree with me, but that is what I think. Just the same, I wish he were out of all this, and safe in China again.

The Making of an Epic

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD. By Boris Skomorovski and E. G. Morris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1944. 196 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MAX WERNER

THE sweeping offensive of the Wehrmacht was stopped for the first time in 1941 on the Northern Russian Front. In the fall of that year Leningrad was the first point to withstand the German onslaught, at a time when the Red Army was still retreating along the whole front. Its defense actually served as a model for Moscow. In Leningrad, in the fall of 1941, the stabilization of the Russian front began; the city was successfully defended and even became a starting point for successful offensives. The military implications of the defense were tremendous. It gave the Red Army a safe flank in the Northwest. The pressure on Moscow was relieved and the Wehrmacht could make no further thrusts northward, with a battling Leningrad in its rear.

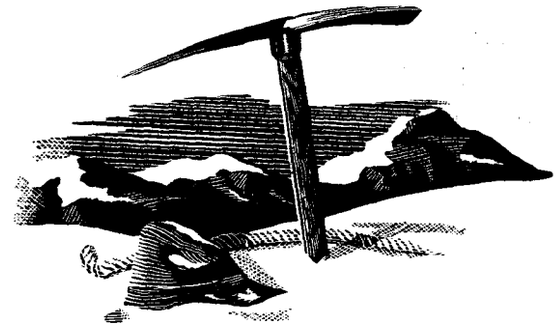
There are other "firsts" to Leningrad's credit. It was the first city on the European continent which repulsed the German attack. The defense of the old Russian capital was not a military operation alone. For the first time in modern warfare the entire civilian population of a big city not only endured a siege, but, in addition, waged total war directly at the front. Clausewitz, the great German military writer, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, predicted the military effects of a future people's war. This people's war did come, waged not by Germany but against her—and the Wehrmacht couldn't take it.

The book by Boris Skomorovski and E. G. Morris describes the human side of the siege of Leningrad. Even in the bloody history of the German-Russian war its tragedy has been unmatched. The siege of Leningrad lasted much longer than that of Sevastopol and Stalingrad and it was to a great measure borne by the civilians. That is what the book reflects—the life of the big city and its people under the siege. The most important part is made up of authentic documents which are more graphic and convincing than any comment could possibly be. It is not dry, factual material, but consists of eyewitness accounts of moving and overwhelming realism. Some day great literature will spring from this material, probably worthy of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. It is a picture of life, suffering, and struggle—of children, youth and women, of workers, employees, intellectuals, soldiers, sailors, and guerrilla fighters behind the front. It is now easier to understand why the Red Army could gain the upper hand in this struggle; it was surrounded by an atmosphere of toughness, of fighting determination, and the limitless willingness of the plain people to make sacrifices. Skomorovski and Morris give an overall picture of that struggle, and a mosaic of detail and of human destinies in those days. For the first time the authors have presented to American readers this touching material, and one cannot expect their somewhat sketchy comments to be quite up to the documents they offer. But these documents speak for themselves, all the more so as they are accompanied by photographs of grandiose realism.

What are the wellsprings of that moral strength which made possible that great deed—the defense of Leningrad? We find the key in the terse words of a woman textile worker, Praskovya Kuglyakov, who says on page 66: "It isn't death that is terrible, but life under fascism." This attitude of the plain people, hard like steel, is illustrated in this book and that is its merit.

The reader must keep in mind the strange background of this struggle. Leningrad, the cradle of the revolution, is inseparable from Russian romanticism and Russian classicism, from the glamor of the old empire and the onrushing Westernization of Russian culture. Its defense saved the focal point from which modern Russian civilization has radiated.

The Huntington Library has received a grant of $50,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation to be expended in support of the program for regional studies of the Southwest. The project will be carried on under the supervision of Dr. Robert Glass Cleland, historian of California and the American Southwest, and member of the Library's research staff. The Huntington Library has long been interested in the development of a study of this area.



Who lay buried beneath the snows . . and why did the villagers turn away whenever his name was mentioned?

Avalanche

A NOVEL OF LOVE AND ESPIONAGE BY

Kay Boyle

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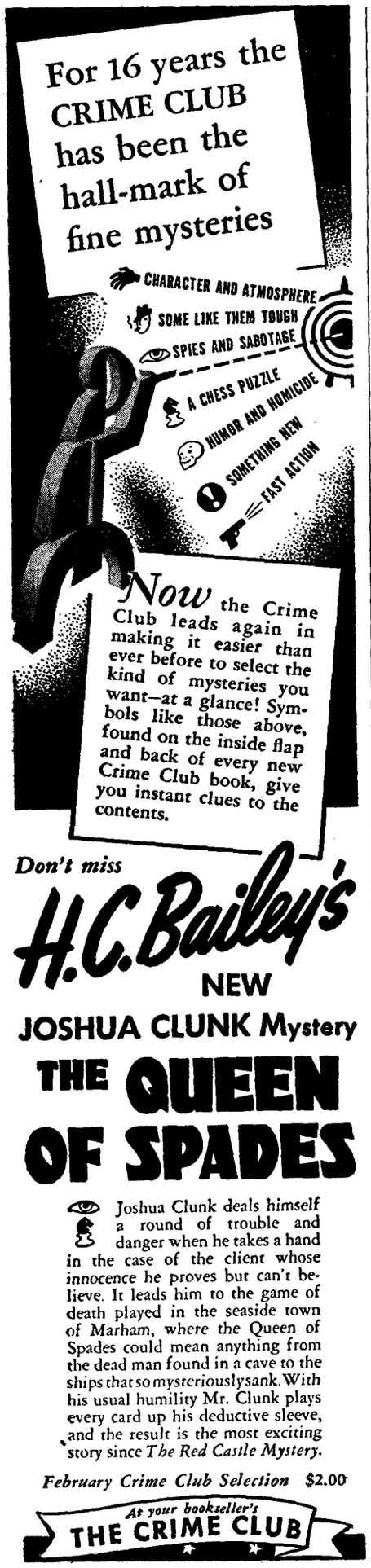
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Poet Rather Than Professor

THE HAWTHORN TREE. By Paul Green. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1943. 157 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

THOUGH Paul Green is professor of dramatic art at the University of North Carolina, there is nothing professorial in the way he thinks and writes. In fact, Mr. Green has a bone to pick with the professors, whom he accuses of fostering academic sterility in place of the inspiring guidance which youth seeks and deserves. Even if Mr. Green did not illustrate his argument by quoting poetry in his "Preface for Professors," it would be obvious that he writes always as a poet rather than a professor. He has the poet's vision which sees life as an emotional experience and the world as a place of latent beauty, which the artist must seize and transform "with infinite variety into his dream made manifest."

In the fifteen "Papers and Letters on Life and the Theatre" that make up this volume Mr. Green touches on many subjects, from art and religion to the plight of the Negro in the South, but his central theme seems to be a plea for a keener appreciation of the fundamental values of American life. He has only contempt for the artist who may be "at a metropolitan cocktail party talking of essences and purity of significant form" while ignoring the artistic potentialities of his native region. Similarly, he takes to task those who see the American theatre in terms of Broadway and who speak of the decay of American drama while ignoring the healthy vitality of the small American theatres that are flourishing all over the country. Mr. Green believes in a people's theatre, "a theatre in which plays are written, acted, and produced for and by the people—for their enjoyment and enrichment and not for any special monetary profit." He also believes in the combination of music and drama, not in an operatic sense, but in the sense of music used to heighten the effect of drama. He sees music as one of the "most powerful and vitalizing elements" of a people's drama.

In his letter on "The Artist in Time of War," addressed to a conscientious objector, Mr. Green takes a practical attitude toward the tragedy of war. He concludes that in time of war "all sensitivities, beauties, esthetic cravings, functions, and soarings of the creative spirit must immediately stand before the court of Practical Use and be tried." Faced with the reality of a war for survival, the true artist, who must be "a normal human being," should accept his share of the common responsibility and the common risk. Even though Mr. Green sees clearly "the tragedy and waste of the thing," he feels there can be no turning back or evading the issue, because "we cannot find God, peace, and creative work again except through the bloody meadow forward."

This Incorruptible Body—

— ON A LYNCHING IN BOONEVILLE, MISSOURI

By Max Lerner

A CHILD can flood the deep-struck scar
with tears, scalding, and healing.

I summon none, only stand an onlooker
with sickness in me
(many were drawn by curiosity, said the young county prosecutor,
how could we shoot? how tell
onlookers from ringleaders?)

While the world's body is soaked in gasoline
and set aflame and dragged
along rutted unillumined streets
(and besides, said the young county prosecutor,
the man was so weak from bullets in the jail
he may have been dead when the crowd came).

Carving my words hotly, tossing them
fistfuls in their unreceptive faces—
carving hotly desperately
for the word that will still the flames
and evoke from the ash the incorruptible body.

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THE PREOCCUPATION WITH "FACE"

(*Continued from page 5*)

familiar to them, it has not yet been identified.

> Politicians [said Lincoln*] are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most of them, are, taken as a mass, at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with the greater freedom because, being a politician myself, none can regard it as personal.

This quotation touches upon absence of candor rather than of knowledge; but it is precisely that lack of honesty which lies behind most face-saving. Politicians of the baser sort are not deficient at all in acquaintance with face-saving techniques; what these tricks cover up is, however, a total lack of what the genuine statesman possesses in his knowledge about basic social facts, his awareness of how little he knows, and his conviction that "public office is a public trust."

Let us concentrate for a moment and finally upon this matter of the politician's lack of experience-derived, genuine knowledge about society in general and in particular about the state, whose interests the politician, when he gets into office, formally takes oath to serve. How far does he confess ignorance and how eagerly does he exert himself to repair its lack? How often does he admit error? How far does he seek to cover mistakes by silence, side-tracking, the use of the red herring, the employment of excuse, alibi, back-fire, blame-shifting, righteous indignation, the emission of noble sentiments, name-calling, and the rest of the face-saving apparatus?

It is true that he is one of those who must remain popular in order to hold his job, so that it is not vanity alone that motivates his squirmings out from under. But his vanity is engaged all the same. He seems to share the illusion that his election to office has demonstrated him to be a kind of superman—as different from what he was the day before election as a king before the hedge of divinity has been erected around him and the fierce light has begun to beat upon his throne. He becomes more oracular right away. Even to himself, his opinions become surprisingly weighty. He has acquired quite an addition of noble features, well worth saving, to his face. He must not let his face down.

Pareto has devoted about a quarter of a huge treatise on society (englished under the imbecile title "Mind and Society") to a vitriolic survey of what he calls "derivations." They are, in brief, "good reasons," as distinguished from and as a camouflage of "real reasons." Most of them have to do with face-saving. Consideration of the various types of that practice, indicated by sample in foregoing paragraphs, should fully justify the contention that vanity, as a social factor, is fit to rank along with hunger, sex-love, and fear of the supernatural, as a scarcely inferior member of a quartet of interests in response to which the major institutional structure of society has been evolved.

*Sandburg, C., "Lincoln, The Prairie Years," I. 196.

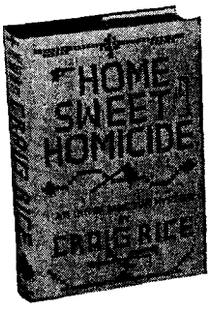
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD TO THE WORLD *North Baker and Wm. Bolton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young Chicago interne penetrates strange mystery of corpse in morgue and clears up several killings.	Slightly gruesome atmosphere considerably lightened by sprightly characters. Plot well developed and action continuous.	Good
LADY OF THE NIGHT *Jerome Barry* (Crime Club: $2.)	Authoress stabbed in Manhattan drug store. Mgr. helps austere sleuth solve double-barrelled crime.	Open-and-shut slaying turns into intricate mystery with good sleuthing, colorful characterizations, and surprise pay-off.	Better than average
THE OUTSIDER *Irene Cleaton* (Little, Brown & Co.: $2.)	Two murders in Edinboro' of early 1800's involve young English visitor and various Scots.	Scottish background effectively done. Detecting is rudimentary, but overtones of body-snatching give tale adequate supply of creeps.	Interesting

If The Gory Gazette were not a column sternly devoted to the various homicidal activities of Inner Sanctum Mysteries, it might yield to the season and break out in verse. (Another thing that stops us: we don't write very good verse.)

However, the temptation is strong, not just because it's Valentine's Day, but mostly because this month's Inner Sanctum Mystery is *Home Sweet Homicide* by CRAIG RICE, which makes us leap into a lyric mood. It does things to more impartial critics too. For example, DOROTHY HUGHES writes: "Any new CRAIG RICE is a definite event; she is one of the bright lights of American literature in its wider aspects."



Well, the scope of *Home Sweet Homicide* is certainly wide. As a matter of fact, *Home Sweet Homicide* is, we believe, the first recorded instance of an autobiographical mystery story. Any resemblance between its characters and CRAIG RICE's whole darn family is definitely *not* coincidental.

There's this woman mystery writer, Marion Carstairs, with three of the most engaging kids in or out of literature. Mother has to turn out about five books a year under different names in order to pay the rent and buy all the stuff that three kids have to have. Then, all of a sudden, there's this murder right next door. So naturally, the kids figure that Mother ought to solve the murder and get all the publicity. From there on it's a race between the three young Carstairs and the police; obviously the murderer never stands a chance. Neither, incidentally, does Mother.

It is unnecessary to tell CRAIG RICE readers that this new novel is for adults only. However, for the benefit of newcomers into the fold: *Home Sweet Homicide* is for adults only, and they had better be pretty sophisticated adults too. If you're tired of eagle-eyed detectives, sinister butlers, and helpless, slightly idiotic heroines, what you need is

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE

by Craig Rice

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The Phoenix Nest

THE Columbia University Press issues weekly "The Pleasures of Publishing," a lively broadsheet. In the number dated Feb. 7, their office bard writes a "Footnote Valentine—or Lines to his Wife from any Husband whose Doctoral Dissertation happens to be published on February 14th of Any Year." Valentine's Day will be over-and-done by the time you read this, but I wish to quote from that poem the first and last verses:

At last, at last the book is done!
Lean close, sweetheart, and call me "Doc"—
No greener laurel can be won,
Though all we own is still in hock.
My Valentine, I give to thee
This bright and shining Ph. D.

* * *

Remember not the dull routine,
The quotes, the colons, and the commas,
But read thee in the lines between
No author's authoring but momma's.
Throughout this book at every line.
Loc. cit. this footnote valentine.

This ditty is signed "JAD." The prefaces of doctoral dissertations, as you know, always acknowledge that help "without which, etc.," from the loyal spouse.

I myself cherish my own, unsent, Valentine to both Houses of Congress. It runs as follows:

Hooray, O Hooray for our Glorious Institutions!
It's the Senate and the House we prize.
Take the vote from the Soldiers, take the milk from the Babies,
Take the pennies from a Dead Man's Eyes!

O they roar and guffaw at the rank indecent ranting
When a Peewee calls a Columnist a Kike;
Making faces through horse-collars, they are gentlemen and scholars—
But the Gallery knows what they sounded like.

O the Southern Bloc is strutting; O the Fighters' jaws are jutting,
As they wabble to be counted—weather-wise!
Let the States deprive the soldiers—God will, maybe, help the babies—
But be quick, Boys! Snatch those Pennies from a
Dead
Man's
Eyes!

What Dead Man did I have in mind? Oh, Jefferson, Lincoln, Dan'l Webster, —take your choice! I know that the Senators shouted approval at the boost in the price of milk. I know that the House thunderously approved the notorious Bill bearing *rankin* for one name. Boy, it may have been snowing in New York, but it was a red-hot Valentine's day! Full of Chivalry!

Speaking of chivalry, one John Galahad of Childs' own string of restaurants has lately been printing poems on leaflets and distributing them to customers. I got No. 103, a poem by Gustav Davidson, called "Invocation to America," reprinted from *The New York Times*. Whoever this new Galahad is, I congratulate him for helping along the good cause of getting people to read poetry—one which I have spent all my life in boosting. But get better and better poetry, Mr. Galahad! Nothing is too good for the People!

Speaking of good poetry, Eldon Emerson Smith, of Sterling, Colorado, writes me:

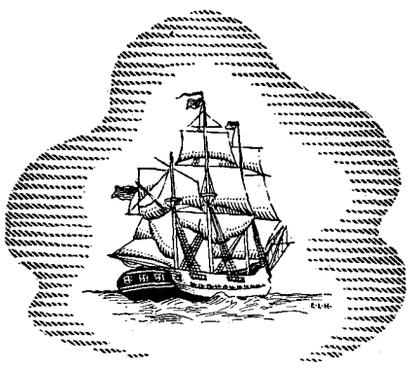
> I wonder why the seemingly deliberate neglect in recent years of the work of John G. Neihardt? His earlier books are still used in English classes in high schools. There was some comment on "The Song of the Messiah," which I consider his best. But when "The Song of Jed Smith," which completed the "cycle of the West" was published, neither *Herald-Tribune Books* nor *SRL* gave it even so much as a brief mention. Seems like the Phoenix Nest might start a revival from what ought not to be ashes.

I do not recall now how that particular sin of omission occurred in the *SRL*, but I do know that year in, year out, I have been whanging the drum for Neihardt's "Song of the Indian Wars," part of his great epic, and magnifying the epic as a whole. It will never be ashes. His work, I hope, will always be part of any teaching about the history of the West.

Freda Cohen, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, sends me the following which she says she wrote while waiting at the Blood Bank on January 29:

TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
WHO GETS MY BLOOD

If you are young and strong and full of valor
You've made a poor exchange;



For this is coward's blood—observe its pallor!
It may seem unreliable and strange.

Yet it has really something in its favor
Which you should rightly know.
Though frightened easily, it will not waver;
Its pride has weathered many a nasty blow.

If you have trouble with this blood at all,
Just prime it regularly with alcohol!

My old friend, Professor E. O. James, of Mills College, California, poet and Shakespearian scholar, has submitted the following inquiries. When I was first at Benicia, California, in 1905, the Young Ladies' Seminary was in desuetude; though I remember that we used, frequently, to ride past the building, in those bone-dry summer days. Perhaps Cyril Clemens, of Webster Groves, Missouri, who, by the way, I wish to think for the number of the *Mark Twain Quarterly* celebrating Binyon and Chesterton, will answer the first inquiry, and maybe some old salt who chances to cast his eye over this can answer the second:

> 1. In May, 1868, Mark Twain is said to have attended the commencement exercises of the Young Ladies' Seminary at Benicia, California, and to have made some jollying remarks about one of the essays that were read. Does any reader remember whether Mark left any written comment upon that small episode?
> 2. Who originated the East-coast proverb about a certain type of sailing vessel, common in the 1840's, "one of the old kind with square ends, built by the mile and cut off as they were wanted, the same at both ends"? I find this remark in the journal of "Father" Elias Bond, in Ethel M. Damon's "Father Bond of Kohala." He was writing of the ship *Gloucester*, which sailed from Boston in November, 1840, with a company of missionaries bound for the Hawaiian Islands; but the saying appears also in other journals of missionaries of that period. Who coined it?

I must beg off printing anything after this on the subject of Hiawatha, but Steven T. Byington sends the following from Ballard Vale, Mass.:

> As to "Hiawatha"; ever since I can remember—and I am 75—we have understood that Longfellow got the meter of "Hiawatha" from the "Kalevala," and was the importer of that meter into the Western world. Be it noted therefore:
> "Hiawatha" was published in 1855.
> Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säkkingen," a long poem in the same meter, which my cyclopedia calls "the most popular German epic of the century," was published in 1853.
> Heine's "Atta Troll," a poem long enough to be issued as a book by itself though shorter than the other two, and in the same meter except for being cut up into four-line sec-

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tions, which once in a while end on the accented syllable, was published in 1843.

So much for the record. Something I myself recall concerning Heine's "Atta Troll" is that once F. P. A. spoke of it as the fervent baseball exhortation of the Gnomic League!

In retrospective honor of Lincoln's birthday, and because of the new book of Lincoln photographs edited by Carl Sandburg, I take pleasure in printing the following contributed poem by Ivan Swift, of Detroit, Michigan, and points adjacent:

ON MATTHEW BRADY'S
PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN

All thanks to you, Matt Brady, for your work—
For the true character and honest face;
More, for your reverent saving of the plate
Through years of bitter estimate and will.
Our lonely Lincoln! Who can impersonate
Inimitable greatness? Who of us
Could stand exhibit for the evidence
Of a nobility durable as his?

The heavy eyelids, brows, and weathered skin,
Coarse mass of unkempt hair, and careless gear,
Were mute acceptance of his sacrifice;
And here's no blundering, nor self-deceit,
But wisdom and right measure of his power,
And what inevitably lives on with men!

The Republicans make so much of Lincoln having been in the past a leader of their party, that I wish they would distribute that poem to their various candidates for the Presidency!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Go Far; Come Near

By Walter de la Mare

GO far; come near;
Thou still must be
The centre of thine own small mystery.
Range body and soul—
Goal on to further goal,
Still shalt thou find
At end, nought else but thee.
Oh, in what straitened bounds
Of thought and aim—
And even sights and sounds—
Thy earthly lot is doomed to stay!
And yet, thy smallest whim
By secret grace
To look the simplest flower in the face
Gives an inevitable reflection back,
Not of thine own self only,
But of one
Who, having achieved its miracle,
Rests there, and is not gone;
Who still o'er thine own darker deeps holds sway
Into whatever shallows thou mayst stray,
Whatever quicksands loom before thee yet.
Indifference, the endeavour to forget,
Or any truce for which thy soul may yearn
Gives thee but smaller room
In which to turn,
Until thou reach the haven
Of the tomb.
"The haven"! Count thy chances. Is that so?
Thou art thy universe: could death's quick dart
Be aimed at aught more vulnerable than thy heart?
Could body's end,
Whereto it soon shall go,
Be end of all thou mean'st and art, my friend?
Ah, when clocks stop, and no-more-time begins,
May he who gave the flower
Its matchless hour,
And thee the power
To win the love that only loving wins,
Have mercy on thy miseries and thy sins.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

INFORMATION REQUESTED concerning whereabouts of letters and manuscripts by Daniel Defoe. George Healey, Cornell English Department, Ithaca, N. Y.

FAIRY-LIKE female disappointed in the human race. Looking for the exception. If you are it, dead or alive, please write immediately. Will discuss anything from chocolate souffles to Proust. Box 123-J.

WOMEN, WOMEN, everywhere, please correspond with a Westernair, thirtyish, masculine, debonair, currently breathing Eastern air. Box 124-J.

$35.00. Typewritten copies of novel **PICARESQUE** by Richardson Savelle. Original SONNET commissioned on any theme. $3.00. Box 43-J.

GENTLEMAN would like to correspond with liberal, broad-minded persons opposed to regulation of literature, the theatre, and the arts by dictatorial, puritannical groups. Box 125-J.

ATTRACTIVE young English teacher, knowledge French, Spanish; proven journalistic ability, desires temporary position, tutor, correspondent, etc., in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Box 126-J.

GENTLEMAN interested in psychology will welcome correspondence with lady psychologist. Box 127-J.

SERIOUS YOUNG PAINTER with a truly original creative talent needs serious patron or patroness willing to give financial help necessary to develop the expression of the important things that most painters fail to say. Box 128-J.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

AMERICAN GIRL wants part-time work with author; research, typing, etc., M. A. Columbia. Box 129-J.

YOUNG NEW YORK STATE GIRL would like to learn others' views on life, love, people. Special loves—Gerard Manley Hopkins, riding, subways, Beethoven, dancing, movies, English muffins. Would enjoy corresponding with those who share these loves or who violently disagree; interested in finding out what other people think about almost anything. Box 130-J.

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"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

GENTLEMAN WIDOWER, fortyish, scholarly and successful, marooned in eastern jungle for duration, seeks interesting correspondence with congenial and intelligent woman of Wagner's Elsa or Elizabeth type. Box 114-J.

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WANTED: BOOKS ON WORLD WAR I—Memoirs, History, Biography, Impressionist Novels—French, German, American, etc. Write Robert J. Fischer, Belvidere, Ill.

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WHO WERE YOUR ANCESTORS? Ancestry traced, anywhere. Sidney Merriam, Genealogist, Marblehead, Mass.

PART-TIME SECRETARY wanted to work for choral organization with best music and with interesting social plan. Also needed: Enterprising woman with organizing ability and experience. If the two can be combined into one job, all the better! Small starting salary would increase in proportion to success of promotional efforts. Telephone ORchard 4-0851, or write Greater New York Chorus, 46 Barrow Street, New York City.

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CORRESPOND WITH YOUNG LADY interested in pastoral life. Box 119-J.

EXPERIENCED, VERSATILE young woman seeks responsible position. Librarian, teacher. Research worker. PH.D. Music, Fine Arts. Excellent references. Box 120-J.

UNINTELLIGENT, unimaginative, uninteresting, plain-visaged woman wonders how many similarly endowed SRL readers there are who do not describe themselves "personable, idealistic, charming, attractive and scholarly." Box 121-J.

LADY WITH INTERESTING CULTURAL background invites correspondence with unmarried gentleman not over sixty (and I do mean "gentleman"). Promises lively and interesting letters, to one measuring up. Box 122-J.

PERSONALS

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

AGAIN—the Nov. 13, 1943, SRL is exhausted. Also Aug. 8, 1942. Will pay 15c per copy, plus postage, for any returned to us.

NOT A CIVILIAN? Please be informed that correspondence between service men and women and persons not known to them is in violation of War Department instructions to all military personnel. We announced this some time ago, but your mail continues to pour in, and, our office space being limited, we beg you to desist. We simply cannot forward any mail received from service men. If you wish your letters returned, we shall be glad to oblige.

NAIF male adventurer in philosophy (abstract and applied), refusing intellectual isolation, desires letters from other (or would-be) happy wayfarers. Age, youth, sex, self estimate, irrelevant. Box 131-J.

HAPPY NEW YORK STATE WENCH has acquired large water front farm and would like to correspond with man, thirtyish-fortyish, who is interested in farming and country life. Nice if he also likes books and music, dogs, hunting, and boats. Box 132-J.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN from Pennsylvania seeks an interesting feminine correspondence. Box 133-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, of medium brow, interested in Schubert, semantics, and sociology, would like to correspond with brown-eyed man. Box 134-J.

UNSETTLED FIFTYISH female, of adventurous spirit and yearning for far-away places, would correspond with man who shares her enthusiasm for living. Box 135-J.

FOUND struggling with the violin a good mental opiate at fortyish. Now yearn for ensemble playing where instrumental inexpertness may be offset by mellow humor and sympathetic fellowship. Box 136-J.

LET ME TELL YOU of a very profitable, easily learned office business. Write G. H. Cole, Pres., Syracuse, N. Y.

I AM THAT promising young architect. Box 137-J.

DAUNTLESS KNIGHT, write again to Dreaming Eyes. Box 138-J.

ELECTRIC BLANKET urgently needed by teacher's ailing wife. Box 139-J.

HISTORIAN OF MODERN LITERATURE, Ph.D., expert translator (German, French), desires situation as research worker or reader. Box 140-J.

WORMWOOD. What's all this nonsense about my birthday? Stick to your business. SCREWTAPE.

WANTED: "Smart Set" for 1913. Box 28, Palo Alto, Calif.

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ANCIENT WISDOM students would combine in small monastery near Los Angeles. Box 142-J.

ORDINARY FARM-RAISED bachelor, now employed in city, wishes correspondence with rural-minded women, not over forty. Box 143-J.

GENTLEMAN—Fiftyish, isolated on Cape Cod, would welcome correspondence with woman with venture—some spirit but withal a sense of proportion, intelligent but not intellectual snob, interested in life; if such there be. Box 144-J.

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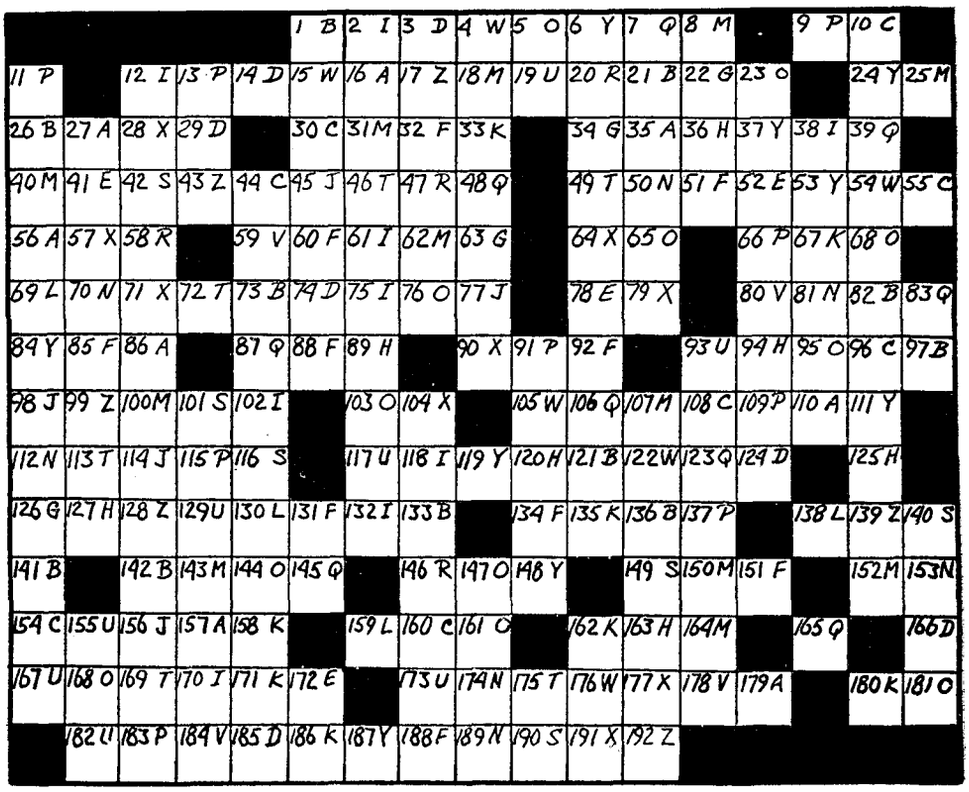
The Crostics Club

YOU may recall a comment by Will Irwin to the effect that our DC puzzlers are cemented in a bond quite unique. Proof of it came last week in a letter forwarded to me by Kenneth Roberts from Mrs. M. J. McArthur, New York, in part as follows: "I saw your question in the D. C. column of the current issue of the *SRL* in regard to the edition of the Bible containing the name Rahab, and as I had found it in my own old edition I thought you might have some reason for wanting it other than curiosity. So, having a sort of acquaintance with you vicariously through my son Warren, I was interested to send it to you. It is the 9th chap., 13th verse, of the newly published edition by the American Revision Committee, 1901—the year I had mine—publishers, Thos. Nelson & Co., N. Y. I am fond of DCs and never miss one. I tried to interest Warren, but he is so absorbed in his inventions and business he cannot find time. However, his old mother has plenty of time and this is one of the ways for spending it. We both find your books fascinating." K. R. by way of explanation writes that Warren is the "feller who invented and makes the seats for our bomber turrets and blisters. I felt I had to tell her that her son was wise in refusing to embark on DCs, on account if he *did,* he'd haff to drop everything to do 'em."

Similary, an attorney for the C.& O.R.R. in Cleveland, having read in *The New Yorker* that Anne Edwards, telegraph operator of Scott Depot, W. Va., traced her DCs so that she might pass the *SRL* on to a school teacher of the town, wrote that he was keeping his eye open to send her some extra ones that she might be saved that trouble. Anne, having met with a serious accident that has kept her in seclusion, did not know to what he referred, so she wrote to her good friend and fellow DCer, Laura Armitage, Research Analyst for the C.&O. at Richmond, who managed to secure a copy for her. Anne must have been somewhat confused over that accusation, for it is Annie Allen of Cambridge, Mass., nonagenarian, whom I found working the DCs on tracing paper with a Chinese pencil some years ago!

Mrs. Clement F. Robinson, Portland, Me., subscribes wholeheartedly to Elizabeth Underhill's clever verses. "Why hurry to get one done," she asks, "when it is such fun? If I have to look into my Shakespeare to find out a four-letter 'attendant of Cleopatra' and become interested in reading further, and spend an evening that way, what harm? The puzzle will be waiting for me next day."

Edward W. Weiler, Consulting Engineer, New York, a newcomer to DCs, got similarly entangled in the "Pleides" and enjoyed the journey. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 517

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Confined to a select group; abstruse.

B. The Trossachs scene of "The Lady of the Lake" (Scott).

C. Nickname for London.

D. One who relies on practical experience; a charlatan.

E. The *Doll* in Ibsen's "Doll's House."

F. Bent abruptly at an angle, like the knee.

G. Shylock's wife.

H. Formless; of indefinite form (Terat.)

I. Easily disgusted or offended; fastidious.

J. A rudimentary Balkan one-stringed instrument.

K. How Shylock wished to *catch* Antonio (3 wds.)

L. A beckoning; a puff; gust.

M. Victory by Lee, June 1864 (also called Coldharbor).

N. To give authority to.

O. To court danger recklessly (4 wds.)

P. Tasmanian wolf or tiger.

Q. An assault (obs.)

R. Inseparable companion to his brother Lynceus (Gr. Myth.)

S. Like mother-of-pearl.

T. With *board* a certain academic hat (cap).

U. Rough or approximate calculation.

V. Roguish; chief.

W. Mean; meanly avaricious.

X. In full fettle (slang; 3 wds.)

Y. Living again.

Z. The product of endeavor.

WORDS

56 86 35 27 179 110 157 16

97 136 21 1 141 73 142 26 82 121 133

55 96 108 10 44 160 30 154

29 3 14 74 124 185 166

172 78 41 52

51 92 88 131 85 134 60 32 151 188

126 63 22 34

125 36 127 89 163 120 94

38 118 2 102 170 132 61 75 12

98 114 45 77 156

180 158 33 67 186 162 171 135

138 69 159 130

152 31 25 40 62 107 143 150 164 18 100 8

50 189 70 153 112 174 81

161 147 95 68 65 103 168 144 181 76 5 28

66 91 13 115 11 183 9 137 109

165 7 39 106 48 83 87 145 123

20 146 47 58

149 42 101 140 190 116

46 113 72 169 175 49

129 117 19 93 173 182 155 167

59 178 80 184

176 15 105 122 4 54

28 71 90 64 57 191 177 104 79

53 37 148 6 24 84 187 119 111

99 43 128 139 17 192

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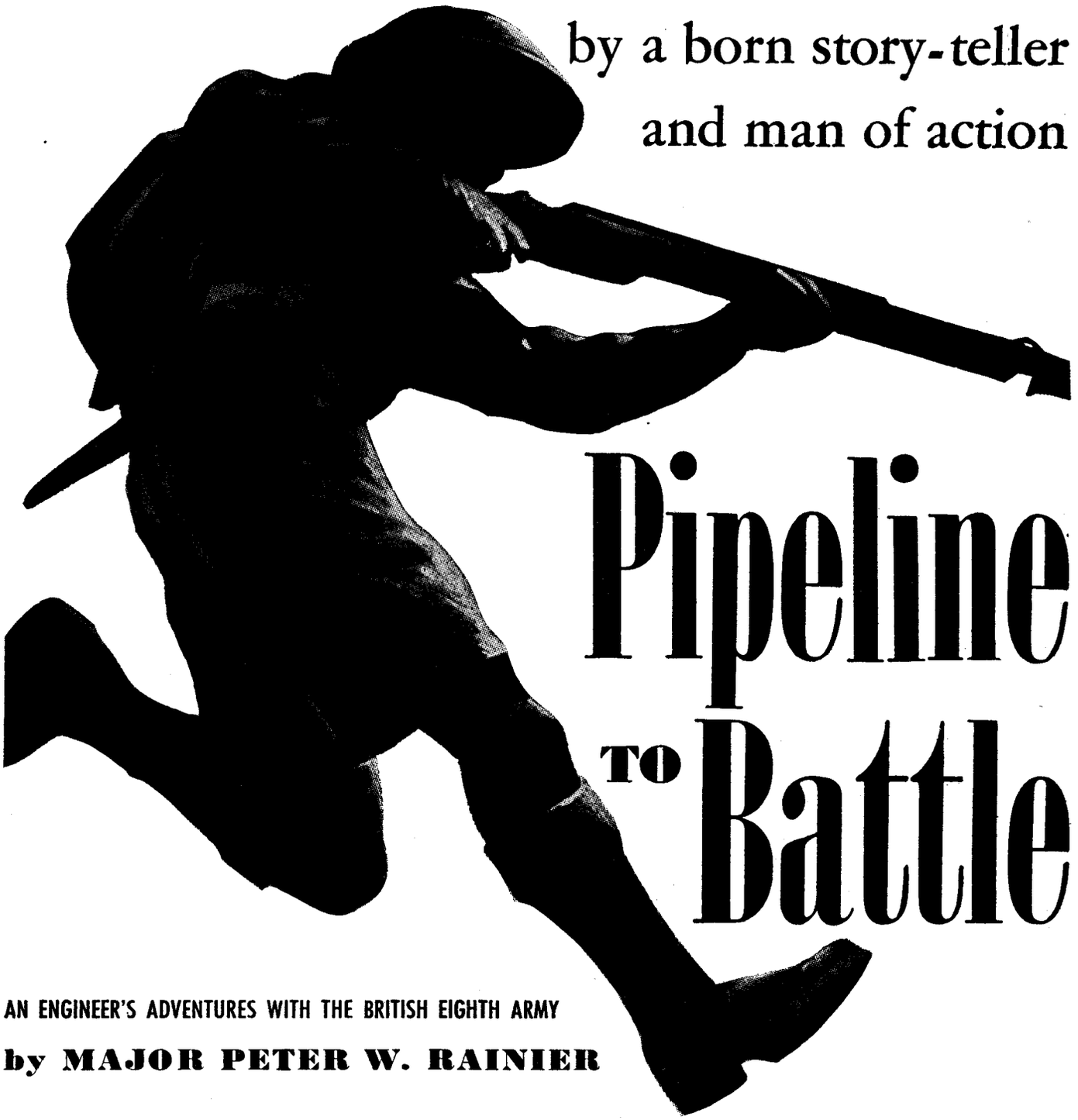

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